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Sport, Travel & Fiction

# The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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*Photo by* *Speaight*

**Lady Milbanke and her son**

Lady Milbanke, wife of Sir John Milbanke, V.C., was recently the victim of a serious hansom-cab accident, but is now, happily, convalescent

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# Random Jottings

**A Correction**

It was remarked by certain papers, at the time of the bomb outrage in Constantinople, that the Sultan remained quite cool in striking contrast to his retinue, who lost their heads. We are authorised to say that this statement requires some modification. The fact is, of course, that Abdul's retinue only expected to lose their heads.

**The Popular Impression**

That they have not done so as yet must not be taken to signify that the Sultan in any way lost his presence of mind at the time, though it may account for the popular impression that he is, to some extent, suffering from shock.

**Sensible Advice**

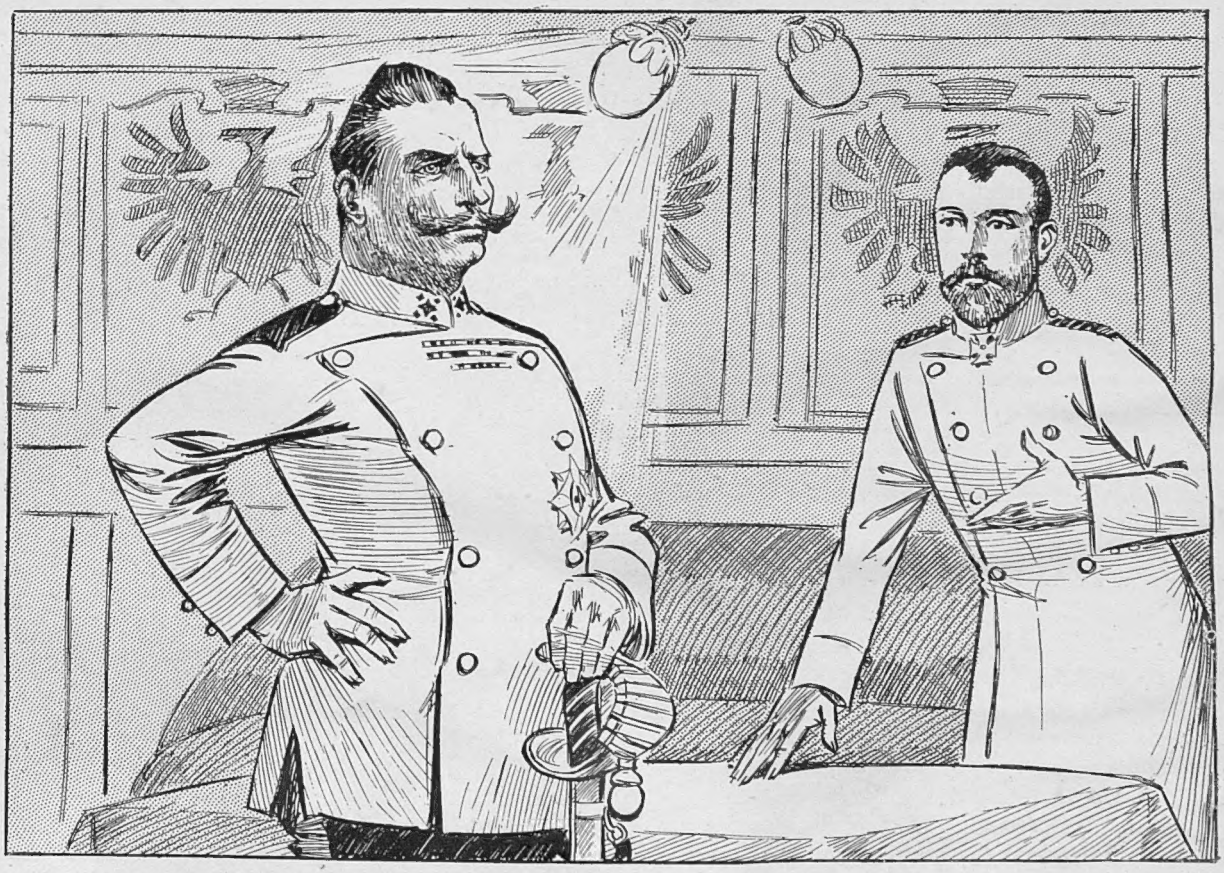
As all the conversation that passed during a secret conference between the Tsar and the Kaiser on the Baltic Sea has been common property for some days past, we feel that we are violating no confidence in stating that the Kaiser was strongly opposed throughout to the Tsar's proposal that, in the interests of Russia, he should abdicate his throne and become a pirate king.

**A Humane Sentiment**

Lovers of animals will be interested to hear of another recent example of the way in which consideration for our dumb fellow-creatures is growing. The Eden Conservancy Board has decided to inform the Board of Agriculture that they disapprove of the proposed establishment by Messrs. Cammell, Laird, and Company of an artillery range on the shores of the Solway, near Bowness, the reason being that the noise of firing may frighten the fish.

**Included in the Estimates?**

Blackpool's new defence works and marine promenades, which have cost nearly £800,000, and have occupied three years in construction, were publicly inaugurated last week.



**A LITTLE LESSON IN THE STATE CABIN OF THE "HOHENZOLLERN"**

"Now, my dear Nicholas, having decided on the policy you intend to pursue, place the left hand upon the hilt of the sword—thus; the other hand thus; and say, 'It is my will'"

"Ah, my dear William, *you* could do it"

As eight hundred guests, including over 110 mayors and provosts from all parts of the United Kingdom, were present at a dinner given on the occasion, it will be obvious that good value was obtained for the £800,000.

**The Facts About a Sheep**

Some interest was caused by an announcement in the Press a few days ago that, during a morning service at St. Michael's Church, Honiton, a sheep was noticed asleep under the banner near the choir stalls. It is only fair to the Rector of St. Michael's to point out that the sheep was observed at its slumbers quite early in the service, and some time before he ascended the pulpit.

**The Education of the Future**
——"Only thirteen, come Michaelmas!"

**The Education of the Future**

"Professor Giddings, who is one of the most eminent sociologists in America, was bold enough to declare," says the *Westminster Gazette*, "before a recent meeting of the National Education Association, that if compulsory education is to be enforced, while at the same time large families are to be encouraged, it will be necessary for the State to pay parents for keeping their children in school between the ages of ten and fourteen." Future parents of large families should bless the name of Professor Giddings.

**The Doubtful Age**

For them, Professor Giddings may be said to draw a pleasant picture. Twenty little ones, learning French and the violin at half a crown a week apiece, should be worth a parent's having. For the future ratepayer, on the other hand, the prospect is less alluring. Railway companies, we believe, find some difficulty in deciding whether a child is entitled to a half-ticket or not. It will be nothing to the difficulty teacher will find in deciding whether Tommy or Jinny are fourteen or over. "Oh, he looks a little man," the fond parent will say of Tommy, "but 'e's only thirteen, come Michaelmas!" "Jinny, she's only nine. We put her 'air up to keep it tidy."

**No Truants**

There will be no truants in those happy days. The intelligent child will realise that he is helping Mother by going to school; and if he thinks Mother is making too good a thing out of it, he will be able, by threatening to stop away, to compound for some of the State pocket-money. But, perhaps, we are looking forward overmuch. At present there is an Unemployed Bill to be considered.

**Sorceries—English and Papuan**

"So ingrained," says the Administrator of British New Guinea, in a report of that country, "is the native mind with the belief in sorcery, that when a Papuan is cured at one of our hospitals, he regards the cure as merely clear evidence that the white man's enchantments are more powerful than the local sorcerers." So they are, if we may believe the daily advertisements of pills in our newspapers. Perhaps the Papuan, during his convalescence, picks up enough English to read these.

**Dancing Soldiers**

The Kaiser's order that dancing is to be made universal in the German Army has, we understand, caused something like consternation in that country. Several general officers, whose strategic ability is undoubted, and whose loss would be a national one, have been warned by their doctors that apoplexy will certainly overtake them if they continue to indulge in the Washington Post.

**The Complaint of the Juniors**

Junior officers, on the other hand, are complaining that if, in the barrack ball-room, they have to haul round in the valse seniors in many cases double their own weight, life will no longer be worth living.

**Dancing Soldiers**
"Zis vas blaisant, Herr General?"
"Ach, zo! ze sisters Zauerkraut vas not in ut mit us"

**A Case of Disrespect**

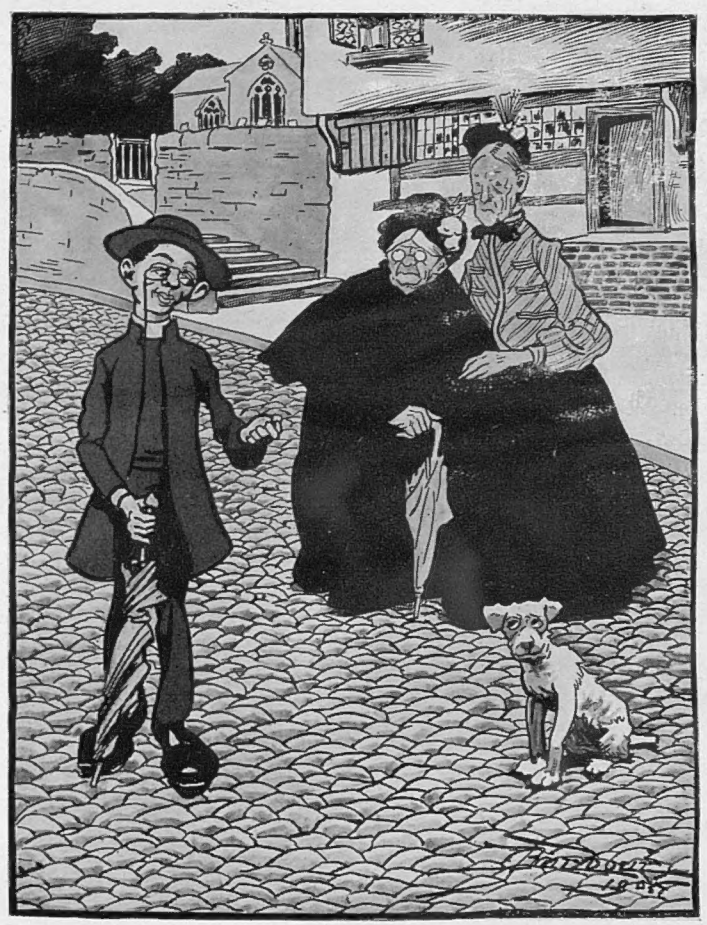
Already it is reported that a Lieutenant of Uhlans, who, while partnering his Colonel in a polka, asked at the end of a couple of turns if it wouldn't be nicer to sit down now, has been court-martialled, on the ground that, tired or not tired, he was showing disrespect to a superior officer. The Colonel in this case was a heavy old gentleman who prided himself on his lightness.

**A Pathetic Example**

In another case, a Captain of Infantry was discovered by his regimental servant holding a revolver to his head. It seems that the unfortunate soldier, whose inability to dance had become a byword, could, as he pathetically declared, no longer bear to be a wall-flower. Yet he is known for a brave and capable officer.

**The Flag of Revolution**

Those among the cabmen of Manchester who undertake to be satisfied with their legal fare in all cases have combined, and have arranged to wear a little flag attached to the whip. We cannot say what percentage of the Manchester cabmen it is that thus turns its back upon Mammon; but we shall be surprised to hear that the decoration of the scrupulous cabmen makes a very spectacular feature in the streets of the cotton city. But there is another side to the question, after all, and the unornamented cabmen are understood to be asking what the old ladies who will pay the legal fare without demur are going to wear as a distinguishing mark. They suggest that wings and a golden harp would be neat and appropriate.



**The new Curate**

"They do say, my dear, he was fearfully wild at Oxford"

**The Eclipse of the Curate**

The curate is going. That is the plain meaning of the constant drop in the figures of clerical ordination of late years. Last year's were the lowest known, and this year's, it is being said, will be yet lower. A correspondent suggests to us, as an explanation of this decline, that the young man of the present day finds that the mild routine of a curate's life is too severe a contrast to the freedom of his 'Varsity days. When you come to think of it, a man, say, who gets his Blue, and is known as a bit of a blood, is hardly undergoing the right kind of training for a course of mothers' meetings and parish teas.

**A Way They Have in the Casual Ward**

David, who said in his haste that all men were liars, would not have done for one of the Guardians of St. George's-in-the-East, who have been shocked to the point of publication by the fact that, in two months, twenty-three of their "casuals" said that they had been in the Army. Whitechapel, not to be outdone, declares that the number of veterans among its casuals has been even larger. It was Mr Justice Stareleigh who told Mr. Sam Weller that "what the soldier said was not evidence." We think no better of what the man who said he was a soldier said. Few statements are more certain sympathy-provokers.

**Nicely Put**

Surely that was a very pleasing description which a cricket reporter applied the other day to the hit MacLaren made at Old Trafford in the last Test Match, when Hill caught him. It was referred to as "a moral boundary." This extension of the use of a word hitherto only applied, in that sense, to a "victory" that doesn't quite come off, is likely to prove serviceable. After the recent Parliamentary incident, for example, we shall be justified in referring to "C. B." as the moral Prime Minister. As for the Sultan, who so marvellously escaped death the other day, it sounds like a truism to say that he, the central figure of Mr. William Watson's sonnets, has been morally blown up.

**A Cricket Story**

She was the youngest daughter, aged eight, of a great cricketing family. She played and talked cricket with her elders. She was on the friendliest terms with members of the various clubs pitted against the Eleven of which her father was captain. A facetious member of an opposing team risked her friendship, the other day, with the remark, "We have a fast bowler who will get your father out!" She looked upon him witheringly, and sniffed, "I don't care how fast he can bowl, my father can bat faster!"

## Anticipations

*("Channel Swimming threatens to become a regular profession. The sea will shortly be overcrowded with enthusiasts bent on equalling the feat of Captain Webb."*—DAILY PAPER. *It is suggested that the following notes will be commonplaces of the Press during Augusts to come.)*

**Anticipations**

"Yah! water-hog! you want all the sea to yourself"

While fishing off the pier at Bognor, Mr. Welling, a commercial traveller, of Ashton Villas, Brixton, felt his line suddenly drawn out by some enormous weight. Calling his nephew, who was at no great distance, to his aid, Mr. Welling boldly hauled in his tackle, and had the satisfaction of landing a fine Channel-swimmer weighing twelve stone.

Fishermen off the Dogger Bank report that they found a Channel-swimmer, named Green, in one of their nets. While being taken on board, Green showed fight, but was easily disabled by a blow on the head from a handspike. This quaint capture will be exhibited at the Town Hall, Yarmouth.

A novel wedding was recently celebrated at Folkestone. After the cake was cut, the bride and bridegroom, having changed into swimming attire, were driven down to the beach, where they entered the water hand in hand, amid a shower of confetti. The honeymoon will be spent in swimming the Channel, which was quite in its brightest mood for the occasion.

Channel-swimmers are complaining that it is no longer safe to venture out to sea, owing to the disgraceful speed attained, in many instances, by the owners of motor-boats and turbines. We trust that these "water-hogs"—as they have been justly named—will be taught that they cannot indulge their reckless racing at the expense of poorer and slower fellow-citizens.

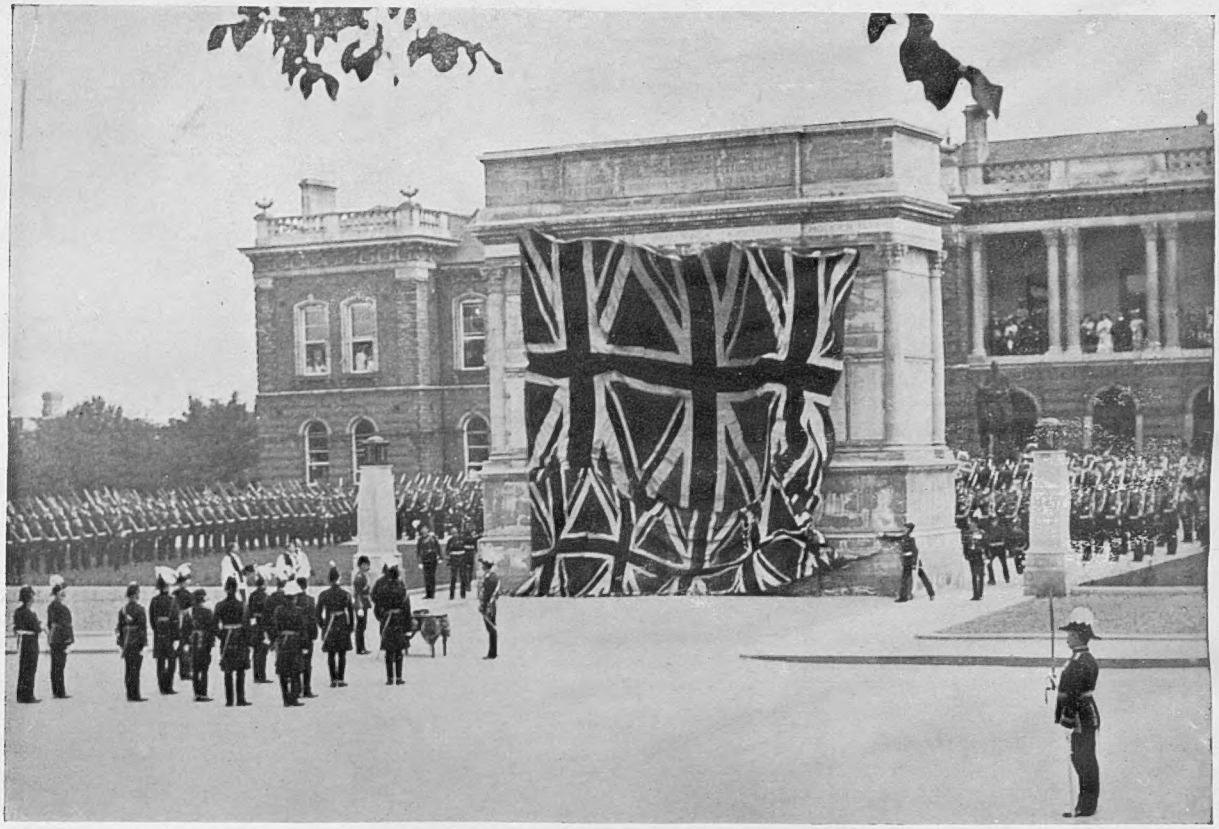
The Channel Swimmers' Club of Great Britain and Ireland will be inaugurated next week. For the benefit of would-be members we are asked to state that the subscription is a guinea a year, and the test of admission consists in the ability to swim two lengths of the Paddington Baths.

*Photo by* *Illustrations Bureau*

**An Irish Klondyke: A view of Carndonagh**

Ireland need no longer be called "distressful," nor need its sons cross the seas, as so many do each year in the pursuit of wealth, for gold in paying quantities has been discovered at Carndonagh. The ore already taken out has averaged, according to report, two ounces to the ton, though report is silent as to how long the vein will last

# The King at Chatham



**The Chatham Memorial Arch to the Engineers who fell in South Africa**

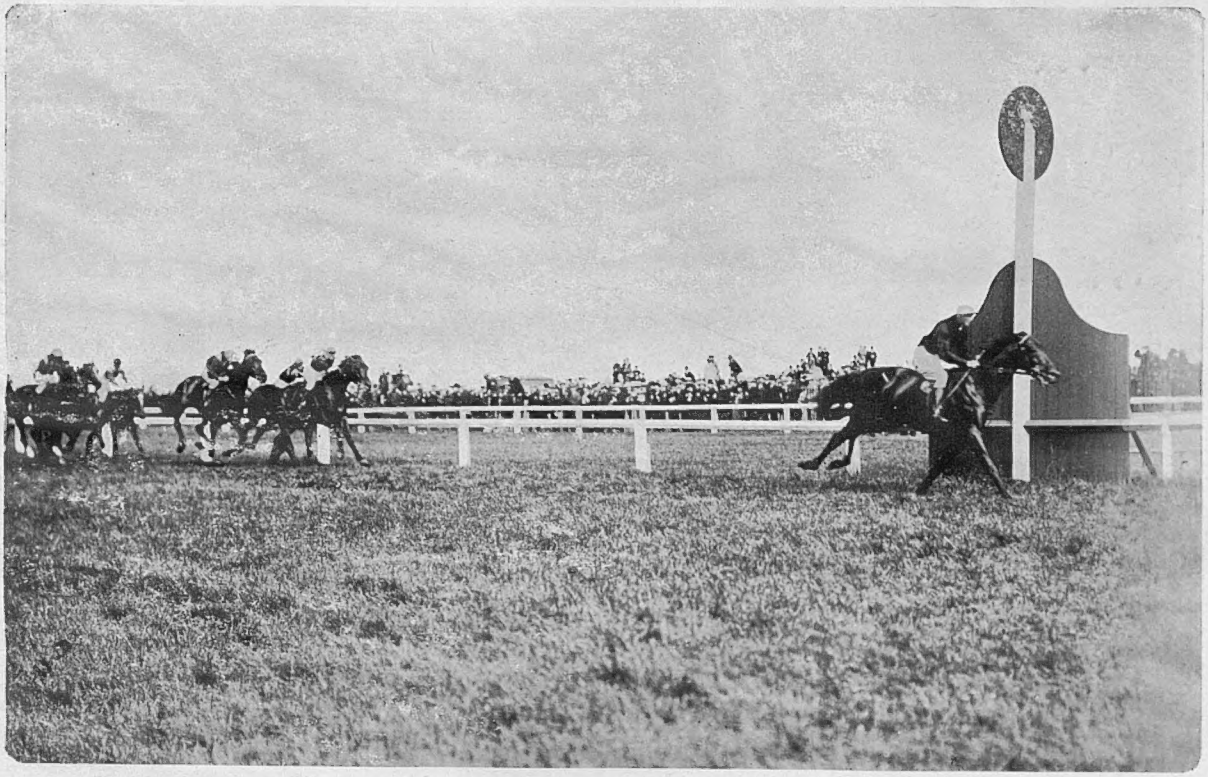
Our illustration shows His Majesty unveiling the War Memorial; the Union Jack is just falling. An interesting feature of this arch is a series of panels in relief, depicting the work done by the appers in war time

*Photos by* *Illustrations Bureau*

**The King planting an oak tree to commemorate the occasion**

After planting the oak, and lunching with the Engineers, the King proceeded to Chatham Hill, and formally opened the new Naval Hospital erected there

# The Race for the Liverpool Cup



**Lord Stanley's "Chaucer" (H. Wheatley up) passes the winning-post several lengths ahead in the race for the Liverpool Cup**

Wheatley, who rode "Chaucer" to victory from among fifteen starters, the largest field known for this race, had his lucky day last Friday, for he also won two smaller races, one on Mr. F. C. Parker's "March Flower" and the other on Mr. H. Barnato's "Wolfshall"

*Photos by* *Baker and Dixon*

**A near view of Lord Stanley's five-year old "Chaucer" ("St. Simon"—"Canterbury Pilgrim")**

The result of the race, although unexpected (the betting was 100 to 8 against "Chaucer"), was hardly in doubt after the first mile, when "Chaucer" commenced to forge ahead, and a quarter of a mile from home made all the running, winning, as seen above, by several lengths

# At the Liverpool July Meeting

*Photo by* *Baker and Dixon*

**A View of the Aintree Enclosure and Course on Cup Day**

# THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

**London: Wednesday**

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

**August 2, 1905**

### The Crown Princess of Roumania

"Once an English Princess, always an English Princess." There is no Royal Family more attached to their original home than our own, as their fondness for revisiting these shores amply testifies. The latest arrival, in a long list of recent visitors, is the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, who has taken a house at Cowes, where she will be joined by her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Roumania. Her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, who has been enjoying the season's festivities with her cousin, Princess Ena of Battenberg, will likewise be of the party.

Princess Marie of Roumania, now the mother of two lovely children, has lost none of her old vivacity and charm. Her path in distant Roumania was not always strewn with roses, but her unfailing good sense and strength of character have by this time triumphed over the prejudice against her "English reserve."

**The Crown Princess of Roumania with her two children, Prince Carol and Princess Elizabeth**

The Princess, who is the eldest daughter of the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, is staying at Cowes in order to make expert swimmers of her two children

The Princess is a daring horsewoman, and to her absolute fearlessness and presence of mind in the saddle she owes her life on more than one occasion. Shortly after her marriage her horse bolted and carried her through the woods of Sinaïa till it stopped from sheer fatigue in the neighbourhood of a gipsy camp. The Princess, with a gipsy as page at her bridle-rein, rode back, not dismounting even when she fell in with one of the carriages that had been despatched in different directions to meet her.

"Here are my mangled remains!" she said, gaily, as she jumped down outside the gates of Pelesch Palace, where King Carol was anxiously pacing up and down awaiting the Prince's return with the search party.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry*

**General Sir F. W. Forestier-Walker**

Who succeeds Sir George White, of Ladysmith fame, as Governor of Gibraltar

*Photo by Thomson*

**Lady Forestier-Walker**

The wife of Gibraltar's new Governor

# The Attempt on the Sultan's Life

### Gibraltar's New Governor

An item of news that has caused a flutter at the "Rock" is the appointment by the King of General Sir Frederick William Edward Forestier Forestier-Walker (to give him his full patronymics) to be the new Governor of Gibraltar, in succession to Sir George White. Thus Gibraltar has had for its Governor two men in succession who have made a name for themselves in South Africa. The new Governor served in the Kaffir War, 1877-78, but perhaps the thickest fighting he has been engaged in during his long and strenuous Army career was during the Zulu War, when, after the fateful fall of Isandhlwana, where five companies of the 24th Regiment were cut up, General Forestier-Walker was besieged by overwhelming hordes of Zulus at Ekowe.

**Duke Charles Edward's Entrance into his Capital, Coburg: An English Prince becomes a German Sovereign**

The entry of the Duke Charles Edward, the son of the Duke of Albany, into his Capital, Coburg, was celebrated with more quietness than usually distinguishes such functions. Our illustration shows the Oberbürgermeister making a speech of welcome

### The Attempt on the Sultan's Life

As is well known (writes a correspondent), the Sultan must, once a week, leave his Yildiz Palace to show himself to his faithful Osmanlis, and to perform the religious ceremony of the Sclamlik at the Mosque Hamidié, which was specially built for that purpose. This ceremony, which is one of the most gorgeous displays of Oriental pomp and splendour, takes place on a Friday. On July 21 last, just as the Sultan came out of the Mosque, a dynamite bomb was thrown, happily too early to injure in any way the Padishah himself. About sixty persons were killed and as many heavily or slightly wounded. To the left of the photograph, near the pavilion, is shown an elevated terrace, where foreign visitors are admitted. One lady only was slightly wounded on that terrace. The bomb was thrown near the fence of the Mosque, to the right of the photograph. It is believed that the perpetrator of the crime perished with the other victims of the explosion. A friend of our correspondent's, who was among the visitors when the explosion took place, told him that the whole place near the Mosque was covered with torn-off limbs and blood of men and animals. The Sultan showed exceptional *sang froid*, and greeted with smiles and with waving of his hand the assembled large crowds, who cheered him with hearty acclamation of "Padishahim chok yasha" (Long live our Sultan!)

### Prevention is Better than Cure

If we are to believe Sir James Crichton-Brown, we may all, whether or no our friends like it, live to be a hundred, or even more, years of age. And it's

**The Attempt on the Sultan's Life: The Imperial Hamidié Mosque, where the bomb was thrown**

# Wanted, a Humane Rabbit-Trap

all so simple, too. Doctors are, through the agency of preventive medicine, to turn alchemists, and in future all our little leaden ailments will be changed and refined into the gold of health. It's true there are a few things necessary before all this can happen. As the learned Professor himself says:—

> Certain great measures are first of all necessary if we would prolong the days of the masses of our people. Regular employment must be secured and poverty diminished by our statesmen and economists, so that we may no longer have amongst us thirteen millions on the verge of hunger, and dying in multitudes before their time.

To these few essentials, we might add the better housing of the working classes, etc., etc.; and if Sir James Crichton-Brown is so anxious for us to take his "preventive medicine," will he not hasten on these few simple little reforms we have yearned for so long?

*Photo by* *Russell*

**The Marquis of Ripon**

Who, it is very possible, will be Minister for Foreign Affairs in the next Liberal Government

### The Marquis of Ripon

At present the Government seem to think it their duty to retain office, because they fear to hand over the management of foreign affairs to the Liberal Party. They frequently inquire whom the Liberals would propose as Foreign Minister. Lord Rosebery, of course, occurs to one's mind, but he is too *dilettante*, and so wanting in that phlegm and calmness which is particularly necessary in a Foreign Minister, apart from the fact that his views do not harmonise with those of the Liberals in many ways. He is impossible, and it has been suggested that Lord Ripon would make a very good successor. He has been War Secretary, Secretary of State for India, and First Lord of the Admiralty, while he was one of the most successful Viceroys of India during his tenure of office, 1880 to 1884. The only objection to Lord Ripon as Foreign Minister is his age for he is seven-eight this year; but, on the other hand, this is a period when old age in political matters does not seem to count, for Mr. Chamberlain, who has seen his seventieth year, seems to take life in the spirit of a rollicking child.

### Wanted, a Humane Rabbit-Trap

The Society for the Suppression of Steel Traps, whose president is Lord Tollemache, offers a prize of £50 for the best model of a humane rabbit-trap. Whether it catches the animal without injury, or whether it kills instantly, is left entirely

*Photo by* *Whitlock*

**Sir James Crichton-Brown**

Who, at the recent Health Congress, declared that, by the aid of "preventive medicine" and social reform, everybody might live to be a hundred years old

**Colonel Coulson**

A sportsman well known in the North for his efforts in the cause of the humane treatment of animals

# Lady Warwick on Woman's Work

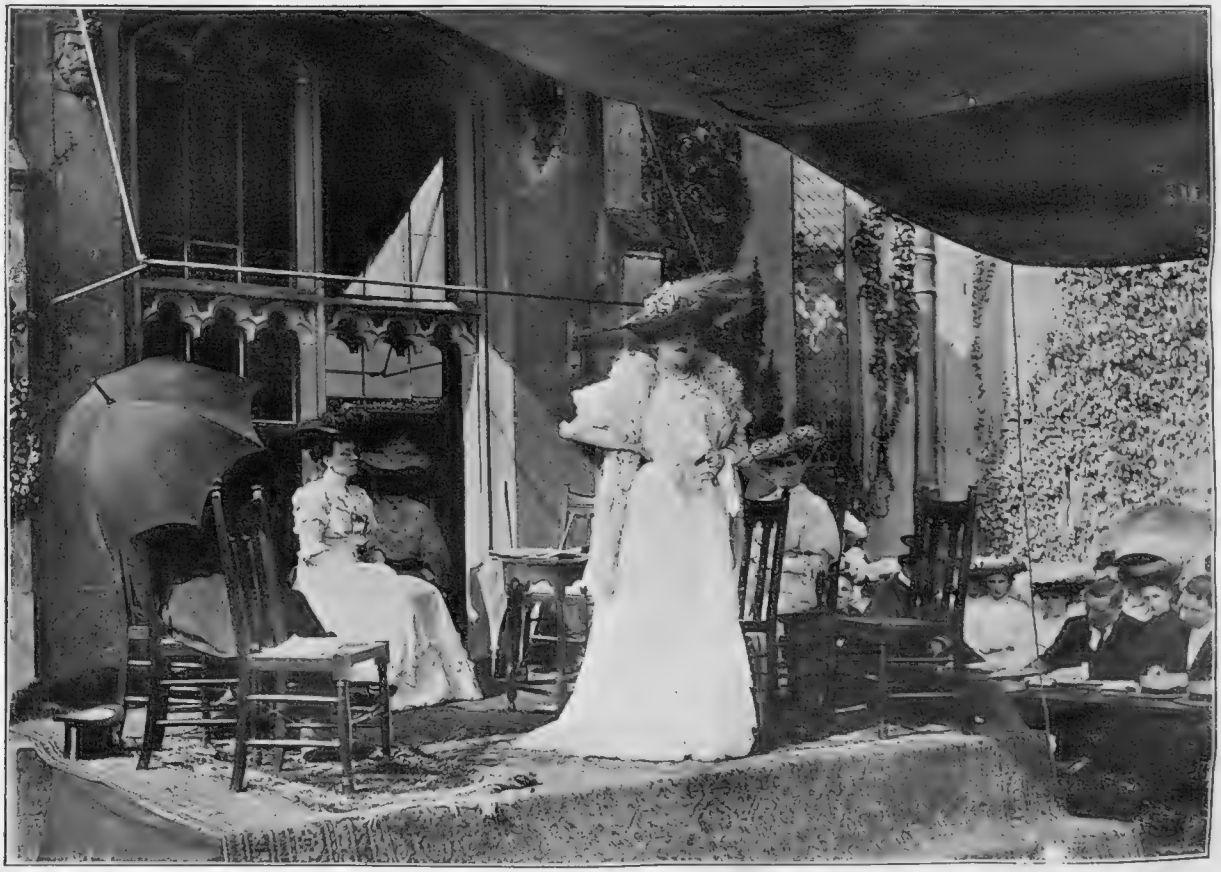
*Photo by* *Edis*

**The Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort**

The Marquis of Headfort has this year joined the ranks of those who make a pilgrimage to St. Andrews links

to the inventor's discretion, but to be successful the model must be capable of being sold at the same price as existing traps. The models sent in will be judged by a jury of experts, and must reach the *Animals' Guardian* office, 13, Regent Street, not later than Thursday, August 31. No one who has seen an animal suffer from the grip of a steel trap can fail to sympathise with the efforts of this society. There is nothing more cruel, as anyone can judge who has seen rabbits and hares exposed for sale in poulterers' shops with the limbs hanging by a mere thread of sinew. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's recent powerful letter to the Press will be recalled. In this letter he described the excruciating agony he underwent from placing his finger for three minutes in one of these steel traps. The writer not long ago was in the New Forest with his pet fox-terrier, who, straying only a few feet from the pathway got one of his fore-feet caught in one of those terrible vices. The dog is a very amiable one, and is devoted to his owner, but the agony the poor animal suffered drove him to the most unaccountable frenzy. His moans were most distressing to hear, and he rolled over and over until it seemed as if he would, like many other animals caught in these traps, break his leg. He seized the edge of the vice and bit it so hard that his mouth was lacerated and bled profusely, and his owner, in attempting to release him, had his finger bitten right through to the bone.

Colonel Coulson, whose portrait we publish, is very well known in the North for his efforts in the cause of the humane treatment of animals. He has invented a humane trap, but it is dearer than the old one. We shall be very glad if some practical solution can be discovered which it will be possible to adopt And, at least, the steel torture trap should be prohibited by law.



**The Countess of Warwick speaking at Studley Castle on "Founder's Day"**

*Photo by* *Lafayette*

**The Two Children of the Countess of Limerick: Viscount Glentworth and his sister, Lady Victoria Pery**

### Studley Castle

Lady Warwick, in her speech on "Founders' Day" at Studley Castle, was able to refer to the gratifying success which has attended the School for instructing ladies in dairy farming. In an early number of THE BYSTANDER we published an illustrated article on the School, showing the pupils at work on the farm. The serious nature of the enterprise may be gauged by the fact that there are no underlings on the farm, all the heavy work being done by the pupils themselves. The instruction is of the most minute kind, every detail being explained by competent instructors. Lady Warwick personally superintends the work of

# The "Concours Hippique" at Scheveningen

the students, and it must be most gratifying to her to see the splendid results which have attended her labours in this new field of women's work.

### Horses and Automobiles at Scheveningen

Scheveningen, the popular seaside resort some three or four miles from the Hague, was recently the scene of a very successful *concours hippique* and automobile week. So rapidly is this Dutch watering-place gaining favour, that already the number of visitors staying there equals the total for previous seasons. Among these, many are of British nationality, and indeed, England, long famed for its well-bred horses, carried off the lion's share of the events at the Horse Show, amongst which the "World's Action Championship," entered for by over thirty owners, attracted much interest. This eventually fell to Miss Grace Clarke, of Hayward's Heath, whose hackney, "Berkeley Bobs," was acknowledged to be one of the finest horses shown—a popular victory which was heralded by the playing of the English National Anthem out of compliment to the winner's nationality. Miss Ella Ross, another well-known English owner, was well represented, and carried off first prizes for tandems and three-in hands, being second in the four-in-hand competition. The Queen and the Prince Consort visited the Show during the week, and Her Majesty was much interested in the jumping competition. The automobile competitions opened in torrents of rain, but later in the week glorious weather prevailed, and the parade of decorated cars, and subsequent battle of flowers, was the most brilliant and animated scene of the whole proceedings. It is significant, and, no doubt, not altogether unconnected with the disastrous Algiers-Toulon races, that there were no entries for the motor-boat races to the Hook and back.

**Miss Grace Clarke, f om Hayward's Heath**

Who won the World's Championship for Hackneys at Scheveningen with "Berkeley Bobs." Our illustration shows Miss Clarke being presented with the ribbon of victory

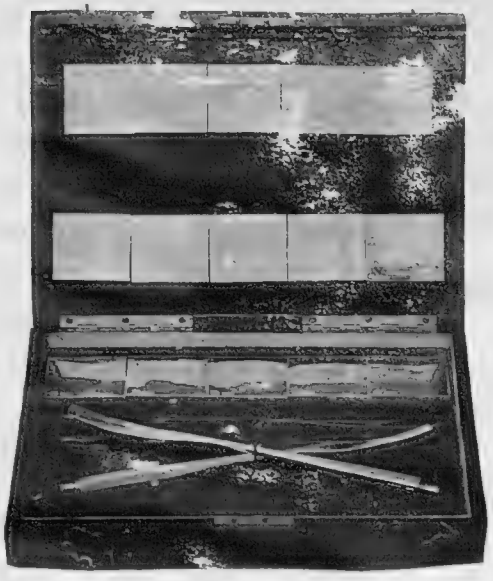
**Decorated cars at Scheveningen during the "Semaine Automobile Internationale"**

The recent "Concours Hippique" and motoring week at Scheveningen attracted a record number of visitors to this Dutch watering-place, which seems to grow in popularity every year. The Queen of Holland and the Prince Consort visited the Horse Show

# The Wingfield Sculls

### A Veteran's Victory

For the third time in his remarkable career as a sculler, H. T. Blackstaffe won the Wingfield Sculls, a victory which carries with it the title, "Amateur Champion of the Thames." He was opposed by St. George Ashe, the course being from Putney to Mortlake. Ashe forced the pace, but was passed at the London R.C. boathouse. From that point the race, bar accidents, was Blackstaffe's. The winner's time was 25 mins. 17 secs., and he has rarely sculled better. Blackstaffe is thirty-seven, an age when most rowing men have retired from active participation in their favourite sport. The "veteran," it will be recalled, was defeated by F. S. Kelly in the Diamonds at Henley. The Wingfield Sculls, one of the most important annual events in the history of rowing, was founded in 1830, eight years before the institution of Henley Regatta. The race takes its name from its founder, Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who presented the challenge prize, and laid down that it was to be held each year by the best sculler between Westminster and Putney, and, "to be competed annually on the 4th of August, for ever." The last clause remains, but various changes have been made in conditions of time and place. The sculls are now rowed for every year towards the end of July, the event being open to gentlemen amateurs of Great Britain and Ireland, and the course from Putney to Mortlake.



**The Trophy**

Which carries with it the title of Amateur Champion of England and Ireland

### The British Lawn-Tennis Team

Now that the fight for the Davis Cup is over, it is opportune to give a summary of the achievements of the victors, whose portraits appear upon the opposite page. *Facile princeps*, as he has been on so many previous occasions, is H. L. Doherty. His defeat of Holcombe Ward showed up in the

*Photos by* *Moyse*

**The Race for the Wingfield Sculls: Blackstaffe, the winner, leading at Hammersmith Bridge**

Although Blackstaffe lost the Diamonds at Henley to F. S. Kelly, he won the Wingfield Sculls, which carries with it the title of "Amateur Champion of the Thames," in fine style against Ashe

# The British International Lawn-Tennis Team

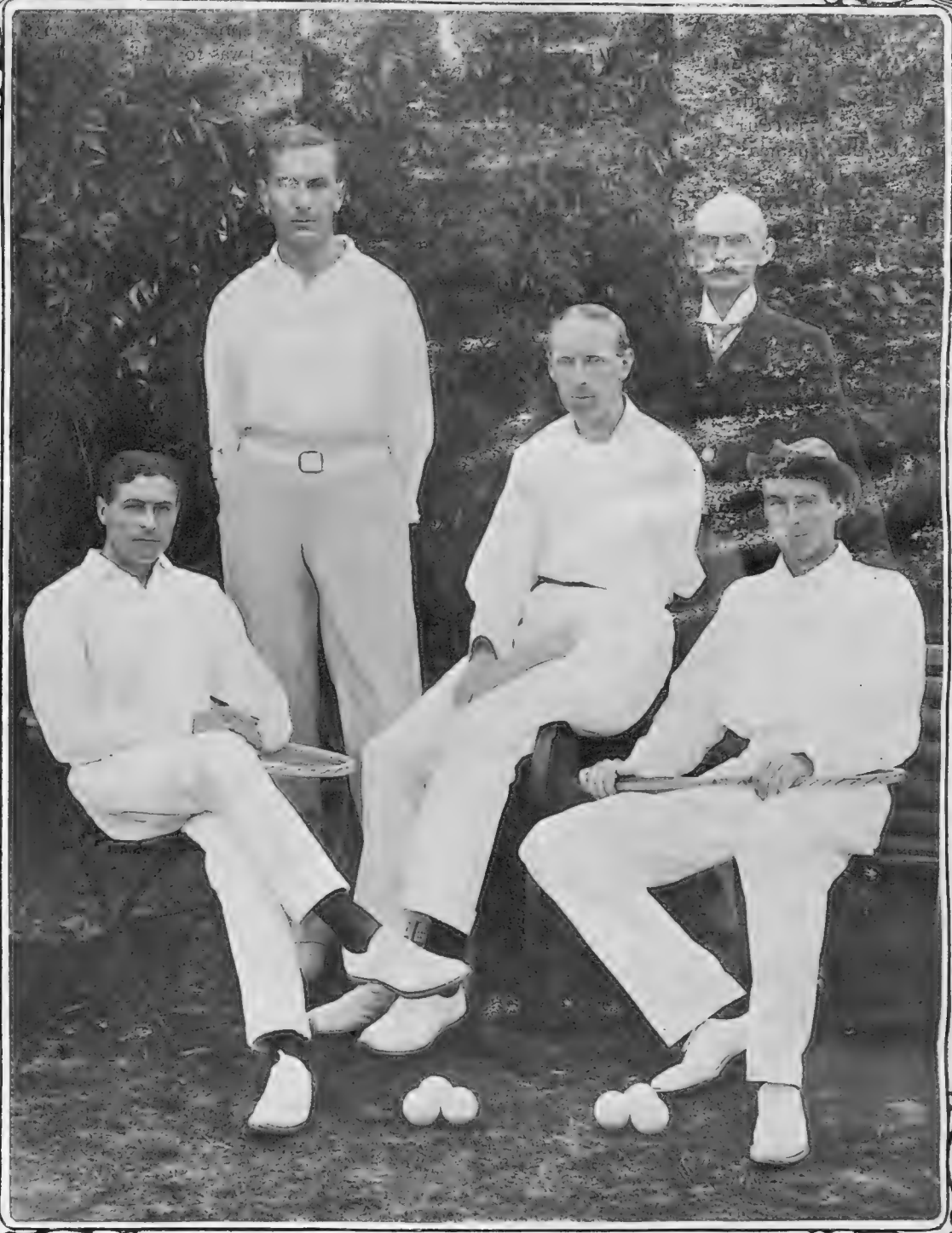


*Photo by* *Russell and Sons*

H. L. Doherty F. L. Riseley S. H. Smith W. H. Collins (Capt.) R. F. Doherty

strongest light his prowess as a player. After the loss of the first two sets he turned the tables in such wise that Ward never had a look in. The score at the end of the match stood 7—9, 4—6, 6—1, 6—2, 6—0, twenty-nine games to eighteen. S. H. Smith beat W. A. Larned (America) by three sets to one (6—4, 6—4, 5—7, 6—4, twenty-three games to nineteen). In the International Doubles, the Doherty's defeated Ward and Wright (America) by three sets to two, thirty-two games to twenty-six (8—10, 6—2, 6—2, 4—6, 8—6). F. L. Riseley was not called upon to play. W. H. Collins, who appears among the group of players, also skippered the team when it went to America in 1903, and captured the Davis Cup.

# POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

## Botanic Gardens

*"LA MARQUISE"*

Mr. Patrick Kirwan's lease of a grassy knoll in the Botanic Gardens terminated last week, the feature of the closing performance being the production of *La Marquise*, termed a Watteau play for reasons not too obvious. Perhaps the diaphanous quality of the piece is intended to recall the delicate art of the painter. The Gossamer play, dated nearly a score of years after the painter's death, concerns the gentle decline of La Marquise de Carnavalet, a lady as insubstantial as a Watteau shepherdess, but moving in very different society. The Court of Louis Quatorze is her world, and she indulges in its gaieties to such an extent as to ruin her constitution. It would be the act of a Philistine to tear the fabric of the play by rough examination, so the merest summary will suffice.

The Marquise, bent on her life of pleasure, will brook no physician's interference. So a mild plot is concocted. A young gallant, the Chevalier de Sevigné, by profession a doctor, is told off to pay her court by writing love sonnets to her. Her curiosity is aroused, and she consents to an interview with her unknown adorer. The Marquise has an elderly admirer, the President Charton, with apparently some claims to jealousy. So when the President appears, the Marquise falls in with the view that the Chevalier should pass himself off as her medical attendant. He hurriedly applies his ear to her shoulder-blade, and makes his diagnosis. Exit the Marquise, and Sevigné, turning sorrowfully to the President, says, "Uncle, she is lost." This curtain to the second act is not one whit dramatic, but it is very surprising, and makes one shudder at the thought of the bewilderment which must subsequently overtake anyone not fortunate enough to have caught the exact wording of the phrase. For no previous hint has been given of the relationship between the President and young Sevigné.

It is pleasant to pass from analytical treatment, however slight, of the play to the graces of thought and dialogue which occasionally distinguish it, and to the opportunities it affords Miss Frances Dillon as the Marquise. The play is practically a monologue, and would be very tedious without the lightness and grace which Miss Dillon imparted to the rôle of the Marquise.

Mr. William H. Sams made a picturesque Chevalier de Sevigné, and his voice is pleasing and well modulated. His demeanour was, perhaps, a shade too stern for the quality of the piece. Mr. Patrick Kirwan was an effective President, and would have been still more so if the character had been more clearly ligned by the author.

**Miss Ida Rene**

Who has announced her intention of deserting the variety for the lyric stage. The public still await with interest more definite news of this step

## Mr. Edwardes on Artistes' Salaries

Every now and again Mr. George Edwardes unbosoms himself to the Press. On these occasions his remarks—I was almost saying his plaints—bristle with interesting and controversial points. Mr. Edwardes has told the *Daily Mail* he does not think the past theatrical season an exceptionally bad one. In this view he runs counter to general opinion, but a manager's estimate of a season cannot but be received with the utmost respect, based, as it is, upon a balance-sheet. At the same time, Mr. Edwardes' recent remarks may be taken as referring more particularly to his own theatres, and when he proceeds to the question of artistes' huge salaries, he treads upon still more familiar ground. Mark that he refers to artistes and not to actors, so it would be quite erroneous to deduce from his remarks that the profession generally is overpaid. He is referring, of course, to the principals in musical plays. The £50 a week limit certainly comes as a rude shock to the public, which is accustomed to refer to the weekly salaries of stars upon the lyric stage in eighties, nineties, and one hundreds of pounds.

No doubt the new scale of salaries will come home with even greater force to the artistes themselves. Whatever be the necessity for the £50 limit, it will tend to make the task of the American artiste-grabber all the more easy. Mr. Edwardes' plain statement that American managers will achieve their victory by cornering, not the theatres, as they did in their own country, but the English players themselves, sheds a new and baleful light upon the Demon Trust.

E. C. S.

# The "Garden City" at Letchworth

## THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE OPENS THE EXHIBITION

**Model Cottage, Class I., cost £148**

Built by Clements Product Company. Can be erected in one week. Wood floor, tiled roof. Foundations, concrete blocks. The house has a verandah extending across the front in the Canadian style

**Model Cottage, Class I., cost £150**

Built by George E. Clare, M.S.A. Can be erected in from six weeks to two months. The "Nook Cottage," as it is called, is intended for labourers in rural districts where land is not expensive

There can be no doubt that the Garden City, whether for workmen or for the City man in general, is one of the sanest projects put forward in recent years to put new life into the tired worker. While the Garden City dweller himself must derive much benefit, his children will benefit still more, and the Garden City should do much towards the obliteration of pulmonary diseases, which, we are told from time to time, in alarming accents, is on the increase, especially in the young. The Letchworth competition dwellings seen in our illustrations show what can be done for the worker on the most economical outlay (£150 and under), and judging from the enthusiasm displayed at Letchworth last week, these cottages will prove a fruitful object-lesson to intending pioneers. Two of the £150 model houses (Nos. 19 and 31) were furnished with suitable oak furniture by Messrs. Heal and Son, and are still on view to intending visitors, who may thus better see how much room there is in each cottage.

*Photo by* *Illustrations Bureau*

**The Duke of Devonshire inspecting the cottages**

# Matters Musical

**To Sink the Bold Pirate**

The eyes of all have been upon Parliament just lately, but perhaps none watch its doings more anxiously than, on the one hand, the music publishers and, on the other, the music pirates. To the first of these the passing of the Bill now under consideration, to "provide further remedies for preventing the infringement of Musical Copyright," may mean all the difference between success and failure, while to their wily opponents it will certainly mean the latter of these alternatives. But if the present Bill does not get through, it is evident that another, framed on similar lines, will have to be drawn up for the sanction of Parliament before it will be safe to engage in the business of publisher of music.

**The Calibre of His Guns**

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Novello and Co., I have been enabled to learn something of the enormity of the "pirates'" depredations. Messrs. Novello publish very few songs, so that in this respect they have not suffered as much as some other publishers from the ravages of these parasites of the music trade, since it is songs to which the pirates seem to devote the greater part of their attention. But, notwithstanding this, they assured me that they began to find almost their whole time taken up in the institution of protective proceedings — most of them barren of result — in respect of works already published, so that it was only with great difficulty that they could give any attention to the production of new compositions. How keenly the song publishers felt the evil, one may judge from the fact that the majority of them signed an agreement some six months ago undertaking not to publish any new works until legislative measures were taken for their protection.

An impression of Signor Caruso in "La Bohème"
By W. Meikle

**His Sailing Directions**

The piracy of popular pieces of music only began in the early part of 1902, and there are those who say that the movement was initiated owing to the popular demand for cheap music. Be that as it may, Parliament was soon prevailed upon to pass the Musical Copyright Act of that year. Instead of mitigating the evil, however, it would seem almost to have aggravated it. It provided no penalties for being found in possession of pirated copies of copyright music, but simply empowered the police to seize such copies. This did not at all dismay the producer of these fraudulent imitations, for he arranged matters so that large numbers of street hawkers sold his goods for him by twos and threes at a time. He himself was never to be found, for he had no shop, and distributed his music to his agents in the most hole and-corner way, often in the bars of disreputable public-houses. It followed, then, that the seizure of any considerable bulk of pirated music was a rare exception, for, even if premises were discovered where it was stored, the law gave no power of entry, and the door was, of course, always locked when the police arrived. To proceed against a mere street hawker for infringement of copyright was simply to make a ridiculous exhibition of futility, for he had no money to pay damages, no goods to be sold up in default of such payment, and could, therefore, snap his fingers at his prosecutor, more especially as it was a recognised thing that all copies seized by the police were made good to him by his principal

**His Approaching Doom**

These abuses prospered to such an extent that early in 1904 a Committee was appointed to investigate and report upon the whole matter. It is on their recommendations that the present Bill is based. Without going into legal details, it may be said that it provides: (1) Heavy penalties (and, in default, imprisonment) may be inflicted on all producers and sellers of pirated music—so that there is now no resource left open to the unhappy hawker caught in the act when he hears the ominous "You come along o' me" of the police-constable; (2) Suspected premises may be entered, if necessary by force, and searched between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

**And Ultimate Extermination**

These two clauses will, it is thought, effectually put a stop to all piracy of copyright music. What publishers would like to get would be, of course, a shifting of the responsibility of appearing to prosecute the pirates, or, at least, to establish their copyright. They would like it to be a penal offence to publish any piece of music not bearing the name and address of the printer. If this were so, they would be relieved of any necessity of prosecuting, and the police would deal with the whole matter. This is a bold and Utopian stroke, however, and is hardly to be expected of a Government which we are assured, at least by the Opposition, is tottering to its fall.

H. F.

# Mediævalism in France

**A Parisienne entering a "Voiture de Bain," the French equivalent for the unspeakable English bathing machine**

The British bathing machine has survived years of ridicule. It is somewhat of a shock to find that our Continental neighbours are also inflicted with this relic, though to a lesser degree. The machines illustrated above represent centuries of evolution, from the cumbrous wheeled monstrosity of the English seaside which neither time nor ridicule can kill, but the *voiture de bain* in its turn is far inferior to the splendid modern bathing pavilions, with elaborate-dressing rooms, which are slowly becoming the vogue in the more advanced watering-places

*FROM ABROAD*

# BERNE

## AN OLD-TIME CAPITAL AND ITS FADS

**The Bears of Berne**

Most cities of olden time had their fads, but few have kept them so long as has the capital of Switzerland. The two special features which modern Berne inherits from its ancestors are the bear-den and the street-fountains. The bear-den is a large circular stone-flagged pit, some twenty feet or so below ground level, and open to the sky, except for the covered dens, which form one side of the enclosure. Here, for many generations, a race of brown bears has been maintained at the cost of the burghers. A stone wall divides the pit into two parts, one being reserved for the old, the other for the young, beasts. A stone wall surrounds the den, so ridiculously low that a child, through a little carelessness, might easily tumble over; indeed, it is said that a tourist fell over two years ago, and was torn to pieces before help could reach him. The other feature—the street-fountains—helps largely towards giving Berne that picturesque quaintness which makes the city so suggestive of mediæval times. As in every Swiss town, there are in every street public fountains which ceaselessly run into large tanks for the good-wives' washing or household convenience. But in Berne, these fountains are more numerous than usual, and are for the most part surmounted by a stone column, of which the base is highly decorated, and the top crowned by a statue. Some of these statues date from the sixteenth century, and many have been lately restored. They vary largely as to merit of execution and colouring, but, while some are quite beautiful, nearly all are quaint and interesting—the subjects of the figures, ranging from mythology to religious and municipal history.

A dog-drawn milk-cart in Berne

**View of Berne, showing Kirchenfeld Bridge and the Cathedral on the left**

Berne commands a magnificent view of the Alpine peaks. The Gothic Cathedral in the illustration, and the Federal Council Hall, are the two most imposing public buildings

**A Bernese Arcade**

Berne is one of the most regularly built towns in Europe, a distinguishing feature being the massive free-stone houses, resting upon shop-lined arcades

**Clearing the streets after a snowfall**

The modern snow-plough has not yet taken from the poor people of Berne this means of livelihood, which, though precarious, is not to be despised

Thus the statues include figures of Moses and the Law, Samson and the Lion, Justice, a Boy-piper, and a Child-eating Ogre, while others represent benefactors to the city, and Bruin (the city emblem). Yet another quaint feature of the town is the old-fashioned low arcades which flank each side of the older streets, and form a covered walk for customers, the shopkeepers' names and trades being announced in big letters painted over the arcade arches.

A picturesque feature of Berne, as it is of other Swiss towns, and most Belgian ones, is the dog-drawn cart, of which we give an illustration. For this purpose a special breed of deep-chested, muscular-limbed dogs is used, and it comes as no small surprise to those who keep dogs as pets to see the heart these animals put into their work.

**The public Bear-Pit in Berne**

In this den a race of brown bears has been maintained for many years at the expense of the burghers to commemorate the traditionary derivation of the city's name (Swabian *bern*, a bear)

To touch briefly upon the history of Berne. The city was founded in 1191, and was made a free, imperial city in 1218, under Frederick II. Between 1288 and 1339 Berne successfully resisted the attacks of Rudolf of Hapsburg. Berne might be termed the "City of Debate." It was the scene of the famous "Disputation of Berne" between Catholics and Reformers in 1528, while to come to modern times Berne was the field of argument for the International Copyright Congress in 1874, culminating three years later in the ratification of the Convention.

**The Moses Fountain**

**The Child-eating Ogre Fountain**

**ELABORATE STREET-FOUNTAINS IN BERNE, SURMOUNTED WITH QUAINT STATUES**

*FROM ABROAD*

# "Nos Stayers"

## COURTING DEATH TO MAKE A PARIS HOLIDAY

Nemo, a Belgian "stayer," being paced by Dankar

VISITORS to Paris should not omit from their programmes of sight-seeing a cycle-race by "Nos Stayers," as the Parisians, in their Anglo-French, delight to call them, at either the Velodrome du Parc des Princes, or at the Velodrome de Buffalo, the latter named after Buffalo Bill, the site of whose first show in Paris it occupies. It is a sensation not readily to be forgotten; one is easily persuaded that the fiercest contest of the Roman charioteers must have been a tame affair by comparison. The first time it was my luck to see an exhibition of the staying power of the cyclist was when walking towards the racecourse at Auteuil one hot July Sunday. On hearing the sound of motors racing furiously in the Velodrome, which we were passing, we turned inside to witness the improving spectacle, and let the President's prize fall to such horse as merited it in our absence, our knowledge of the field being far inferior to our interest, which was small.

### A Track Steep as the Side of a House

But here at the Velodrome was something to thrill the blood! Picture a vast cycle track of cement, at one part almost level, but gradually sloping outward until, on the side opposite, it assumes an angle so acute that, to all appearance, it is literally "like the side of a house," and again gradually lessening in acuteness until the level part has been reached. Such is the track, the area it encloses being grass-grown, spectators ranging around the outer rim of the course only.

The cyclists who display their powers here, and risk a sudden and effective death to make a Paris holiday, have each the service of a pacer on a motor-cycle of six or eight horse-power, furnished with a small wind-shield, though sometimes the race is without wind-shields, and time was when the shields were absurdly large.

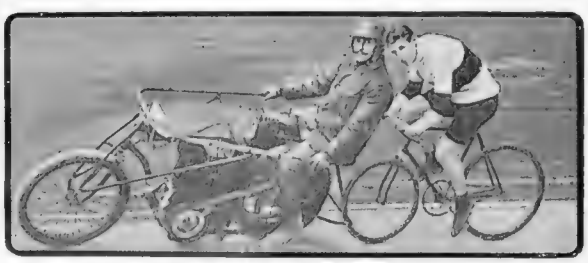
### Riding Parallel with the Earth

As a rule, six "stayers" take part in the contest, which is always designed to reduce "the world's record," achieved by one of them, most probably, in a former race on the same track. The motor-cycles start at a signal, each racer wheels into position behind his *entraineur*, and presently they are all flying round the track with amazing rapidity, the "stayer" so close behind his motor-cyclist as to appear to be attached to the motor. As the contestants strive to pass each other on the steep parts of the track, the spectators cheer their favourites, and the sight is indeed thrilling enough to quicken the pulses of a drowsy churchwarden when two or three rivals are seen closely overhauling each other where the "virage" is steepest; the bodies of the cyclists are practically parallel with the level earth at this point, the impetus of their wheels alone keeping them from falling downwards. The noise of the motors is deafening as they pass; one pities, while admiring, the cyclists who stick close behind, and have the full benefit of the smell. No wonder when the hour is up they seem dazed and unable to walk; for most of them will have done in the sixty minutes close on fifty miles. Fifty-five miles is the record of Guisnard with wind-shield, Maclean, the American, holding the record of forty-six miles in the hour without the *coupe vent.*

### Courting Death—and Its Rewards

"What happens if the motor-cycle in front breaks down?" you ask. Sometimes the rider behind, his head bent low, and his legs moving mechanically at abnormal speed, dashes into instant death. One did so only the other week; Leander, Brècy, Michael, Kaeser, Elkes—these are the names of a few of the killed, and most of these have been Americans, by the way. But often the *entraineur* finds his motor going wrong, and with wonderful accuracy of move ment he will rush it from the track on to the grass, so as to clear his "stayer," for whom a fresh *entraineur* and motor are immediately provided.

The season lasts all through the summer in the open, two meetings each month at the Parc des Princes and two at the Velodrome de Buffalo, and in the winter the sport is continued at the Palais de l'Electricité. The prizes are always of considerable value, the first being usually £80, and each rider assured of some reward, apart from the fact that he is generally subsidised by some firm of cycle-makers to ride their machines. Tommy Hall, for instance, an Englishman, had a present of £60 from the Peugeot firm for reducing the hour record on one of their machines.



Gresse, an English "stayer," being paced by Naso

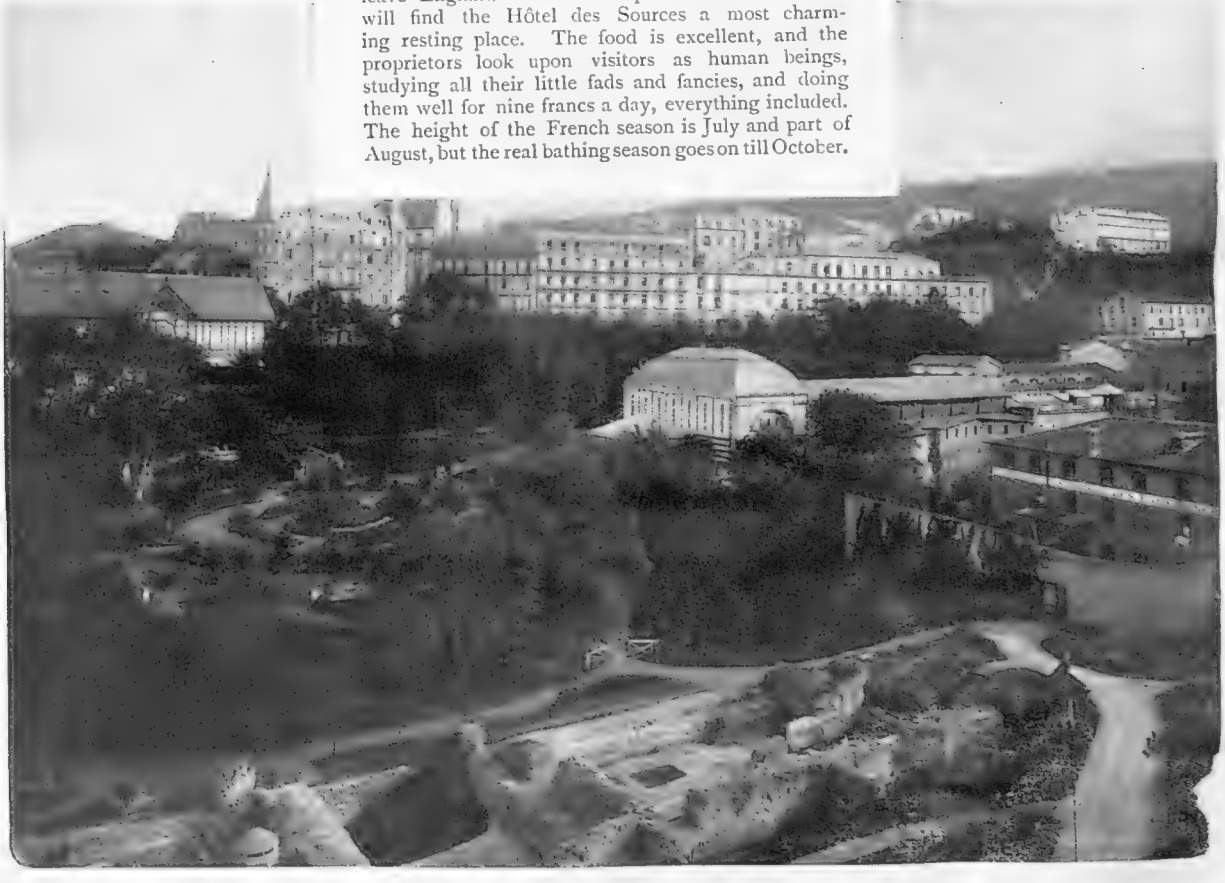
# The Opening of the "Cure" Season

## ROYAT-LES-BAINS FOR GOUT SUBJECTS

1. The Church at Royat

2. The Hotels at Royat

VICTIMS of the London season do not waste much time in repairing the ravages made upon their constitution by a cycle of gaiety. No sooner has the season ended than the "Cure" Season commences. Of late years, the waters of Royat-les-Bains have gained great reputation as a sovereign remedy against gout. "Royat-les-Bains" is situated in Auvergne, one of the most beautiful parts of France, and can be reached in twenty hours with no break. The Hôtels Continental and Métropole are mostly frequented by English, but those who, when abroad, prefer to leave England as much as possible behind them, will find the Hôtel des Sources a most charming resting place. The food is excellent, and the proprietors look upon visitors as human beings, studying all their little fads and fancies, and doing them well for nine francs a day, everything included. The height of the French season is July and part of August, but the real bathing season goes on till October.



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD": A GENER

L VIEW OF THE COURSE AND RINGS

OUR SHORT STORY

# THE BISHOP'S COMEDY

By LEONARD MERRICK

*Author of "The Worldlings," "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," "The Quaint Companions," etc.*

The Bishop of Westborough had seldom found himself in a more delicate position. Since Sweetbay objected so strenuously to its rector being a dramatist, Sweetbay was clearly no place for the Rector; and it devolved upon His Lordship to intimate the fact. But secretly His Lordship was also guilty of dramatic authorship, and instalments of his comedy were even now in the hands of that accomplished actress, Miss Kitty Clarges. For this reason, and another, the Bishop had wakeful nights.

However, he did what was required. With all his customary blandness, and perhaps a shade more, he pointed out to the Rev. Baker Barling that the parish of Sweetbay was unsuitable for him, and offered him instead a living which commended itself to the Baker Barlings not at all. Indeed, Mrs. Baker Barling was so highly incensed by the removal, that the Rector had on several occasions to say "My dear!" to her reprovingly.

The Bishop was young for a bishop. His classical features, and the dignity of his carriage, would have compelled attention even if he had been a mere man. He never said anything noteworthy, but he voiced the sentiments of the unthinking in stately language. This made him generally admired. It is not to be inferred that he was insincere—he had been granted a popular mind; he shared with the majority a strong aversion from disagreeable truths. His widest reflections were bounded by the word "Unpleasant," and every truth that was unpleasant was to the Bishop of Westborough "one of those things that are better left undiscussed." He had a warm affection for this phrase, which occurred in all his articles for the cultured reviews. It was a phrase that suggested much earnestness of thought, while it spared him the exertion of thinking at all.

Domestically he had been no less fortunate than in his mental limitations. He possessed a little wife, who listened to him with the utmost patience, and he had seen both his girls make brilliant matches in their first season. The history of the bridegroom had, in each case, been "one of the things that were better left undiscussed." Accordingly, the Bishop boasted a grateful heart; in fact, when he reflected how abundantly Providence had blessed him, he was more than normally horrified to think of the impious murmurings of the poor.

That a personage of his environment and disposition had been tempted towards so unepiscopalian a course as writing a comedy, proves how true it is that nothing happens but the unforeseen. It was one of the speediest conquests of Miss Clarge's career—a career in which peers had been plentiful, but prelates had hitherto been lacking. He had made her acquaintance at a reception—she was clever off the stage as well as on it, and had always tempered her indiscretions with tact. Duchesses called her "dear." He thought her the most fascinating woman he had ever met, and talked to her upon the conditions of the English stage with considerable satisfaction to himself.

"What a dramatist your Lordship would have made if you had not been a bishop!" she murmured, with rapt eyes.

"Oh—er—you are jesting," said the Bishop, asking for more.

"No, indeed—I mean it," returned the lady reverently. "You have what we call the 'sense of the theatre.' And it is so rare. You startled me just now—you know by intuition things that the ordinary dramatist needs years of experience to find out. I can't tell you how extraordinary it is!" She regarded him as if she were being confronted by a miracle.

Partly because he was very vain, and partly because Miss Clarges was very good-looking, the lie that she forgot almost as soon as it was spoken had lingered caressingly with the Bishop. Sitting in the Palace one afternoon with nothing to do, he found himself scribbling "Act I.—A Drawing Room." He had no definite intention of continuing, still less had he a definite plot; but, like everyone who is deficient in self-criticism, he wrote with prodigious facility, and his first act was finished in three days.

Miss Clarges had been a good deal surprised to receive a semi-humorous note from the Bishop of Westborough, reminding her of their conversation, and hinting that he would be glad to have her opinion on "a dramatic bantling." Tea and a *tête-à-tête* followed in the lady's boudoir. She found Act I. all that she had dreaded, and told him it was most original. Beaming with importance, he perpetrated Act II., and read her that. She was contemplating a season of management, and in sanguine moments reflected that a practised hand might knock the Bishop's comedy into something like shape, and that the Bishop's name on the bills would be well worth having. So she offered various suggestions about the leading part, and was at home as often as he chose to

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**"She found Act I. all that she had dreaded"**

*(Illustrating our Short Story, "The Bishop's Comedy")*

*DRAWN BY T. R. SKELTON.*

call—and for some weeks he had chosen to call very often indeed.

Remember that he was only fifty. He had married when he was twenty-five, married a girl who was taken by his handsome face, and who brought him a very respectable dower. Though the dower had fascinated him more than the girl, the courtship had comprised his sentimental experiences. As has been said, he had had no reason to complain of his choice—he had been remarkably successful in all his relationships—he felt that his wife worshipped him, and her worship, and his worldly progress, had contented him fully. But now, for the first time in his career, he was thrown into intimate association with a woman who had captivated those who were seeing life, and those who had seen it—and the Bishop of Westborough fell in love with her as violently as many wiser men had done before him.

As for her, it was the first time in the woman's career that she had been openly admired by a bishop. At the beginning she was attracted by his reputation—much as her youngest adorers had been attracted by her own—but presently she was attracted by his homage. He appealed to her one weakness, her vanity. Though she thought it a pity that he wanted to write a comedy, she considered him a great man; his profound belief in himself, supported by a nation's esteem, imposed on her. To have made a conquest of a pillar of the Church flattered her inordinately; the novelty of the situation had its effect on the actress, too—and, to her unspeakable amazement, Kitty Clarges fell in love with the Bishop.

It was at this juncture that circumstances had forced him to mortify the Rector of Sweetbay.

"The affair makes me doubt whether I ought to proceed with my own play," he admitted to her one afternoon.

"My dear friend!" She meant "What rot!" but she no longer said "What rot!" even to other actresses; and she wore dove-coloured gowns, and had been to hear him preach. The higher life was a little trying, but she liked to feel worthier of him.

"My action in the matter may be misconstrued. Of course, I've simply deferred to the local prejudice, but it may be thought that I disapprove of the man's tendencies. If I figured as a dramatist myself a little later, I might be placed in an ambiguous position. . . . Perhaps we might overcome the difficulty by a pseudonym?"

She looked blank. "Your Lordship's name will be a draw; I'm afraid a pseudonym would mean waiving a great deal."

"Financially? The pecuniary result is not important to me."

But it was important to her. "If the secret were really kept, you'd be waiving all the kudos too," she added.

"Well, we must consider," said the Bishop, clinking the ice in his glass, "you shall advise me—though I fear I'm exceeding an author's privileges. By the way, does the manageress always offer the author a whisky and soda?"

"She offered you an alternative," said Miss Clarges, laughing; "the whisky and soda was your choice. But you don't really mean to throw the comedy up, do you? Think of poor me!"

The Bishop's eyes were eloquent. "Thinking of you," he said, after a lingering gaze, "I have this to say: you will be put to considerable expense in bringing out my work, and, novice as I am, I'm aware that a theatre is a heavy speculation; if I withhold the advantage of my name from the piece, I shall claim to share your risk."

"You are very generous, dear friend; I don't think I could say 'yes' to that."

"It is no more than fair."

"I'd rather not. I—I shouldn't care for you to find money for me!" said Kitty Clarges; and she was conscious that she had soared into the higher life indeed.

"You are scarcely treating me as the dear friend you allow me to believe myself," urged the Bishop, missing the greatest compliment of his life.

"Oh!" she said under her breath.

"I should be serving my own ends. And besides——"

"Besides what?"

"It would make me very happy to think that I served *you*."

Her eyelids fell. "You *have* served me."

"I rejoice to hear it. May I ask how?"

"You've served me by your friendship. You've given me different thoughts, taken me out of myself, done me good—in some ways!" She sighed deeply. "I've learnt that there are so much realler things than the shams that satisfied me before we met. I've been a very . . . worldly woman; you know, don't you?"

"Few human beings are stronger than temptations, child," he said melodiously, "and yours must have been many."

"I used to want you to think me better than I am. Now I—I do and I don't. Oh, I can't explain!"

"You are showing me your heart—you need not spell it."

"I suppose what I mean really is, that I want you to know me as I am, and yet to like me just as much. I wonder if you would!"

He laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "Why not put me to the test?"

"I daren't," she said.

"Am I so hard?"

She shook her head, silently.

"What then?"

"I'm so bad," she whispered. She drooped a little nearer to him.

"Why do you say such things?" cried the Bishop; "you hurt me!"

"Haven't you met other sinners?"

"I would have had *your* past free from sin."

"Oh, my past!" she sobbed, and bowed herself in his arms. "My past is past—I'm sinning now!"

Much may be done by earnest endeavour, and he persuaded himself that his embrace was episcopal.

"My child," he murmured at last, soothing her tenderly, "I will not affect to misunderstand what you have said—it would be a false kindness to you. Nor will I be guilty of concealing the transgressions of my own heart. Were I a younger man, I might doubt the righteousness of owning that the attachment is mutual; but the years bring wisdom, and at my age we see deeply. My duty is to help you, and

(*Continued on page 238*)

# "All the World's a Stage"

*WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON*
*(A "strange, event'ful history," in weekly parts)*

(*Continued from page 236*)

I realise that I can help you only by a perfect candour. I acknowledge, therefore, that you are indeed most dear to me."

"Oh, you are great!" she exclaimed. "I shall see you still? Promise you'll still come here—don't let me lose you! Say it! Say again you love me!"

"You are indeed most dear to me," repeated the Bishop, who thought this way of putting it sounded more innocent. He got up and paced the room with agitation. "You ask me if I will still come here. I do not disguise from myself that many might think I should answer 'no'; many might hold it my duty to desert you in the conflict that must be waged, and leave you to bear the brunt of it alone. I am not one of them. Flight is at best the refuge of a coward. Doughtier than to flee temptation is to confront and conquer it." He swept the hair from his brow with a noble gesture. "I recognise that my highest duty is to share your struggles—to solace and sustain you. Yes, I will come! We have a mighty battle before us, you and I—and we will fight side by side, my comrade, till we win!"

In other words, he ventured to go to tea there, though they were wildly in love, and had whisky and soda when it wasn't tea-time.

. . . . . .

How much of what the Stage Door Club said about them was fact and how much of it was fiction, is a thing that could only be decided by the Bishop or Miss Clarges—neither of whom is to be consulted on the subject. But the Rev. Baker Barling, who frequently dropped into the club for the house dinner, or a game of poker, heard the gossip; and Baker Barling confided it to Mrs. Baker Barling; and Mrs. Baker Barling, whose wrath against the Bishop had in no way abated, manœuvred for the joy of condoling with the Bishop's wife.

Miss Clarges was paralysed one morning by a note in which "Mrs. Lullieton Meadows," mentioning that her husband was the Bishop of Westborough, requested the actress to receive her upon a matter of the utmost importance the same afternoon. The actress's first impulse was to be "out" when the lady called; her second, to telegraph to the Bishop for advice. The fear of driving Mrs. Meadows to extremities, and the thought that a telegram might fall into the wrong hands, prevented her adopting either course. She could only pray for the ability to persuade the visitor that her suspicions were unfounded, and she felt sick with misgiving as the day were on.

How extraordinary of the woman! Whether she meant to be offensive, or pathetic, what a folly of her to come! On the stage, of course, such scenes were usual, and Kitty Clarges knew exactly how she would have to behave there—that she would be first mocking, then attentive, and finally moved to repentance. But the theatre was one thing, and life was another. In real life it was preposterous of a person to seek an interview and plead for the return of a husband's heart; in real life it was impossible to return a heart, even if one wished to do it. And in this case, the wish would always be lacking; Miss Clarges was so infatuated by the Bishop that she had even been jealous to remember that another woman had a legal claim to him.

At the tingle of the bell, she caught her breath. She had never seen "the other woman," and, mixed with her apprehension, was a strong curiosity to know what his wife was like. "Mrs. Meadows," announced the maid. The actress turned to the doorway, trembling, and saw with satisfaction that the lady was a timid little woman, dowdily dressed; she looked as if she bought her clothes in Brixton.

"Mrs. Meadows—how good of you to call!"

Mrs. Meadows advanced awkwardly; it was evident that she was painfully embarrassed. "Miss Clarges? I hope I haven't put you to any inconvenience?" she murmured.

"It is an immense pleasure to me to meet you. Won't you sit down?"

For an instant the Bishop's wife hesitated. Then she sat at the extreme edge of a chair, and moistened her lips.

"My visit must appear very strange to you?"

"Most kind!" said Kitty Clarges. "How is his Lordship getting on with his play? It'll soon be finished now, I suppose?"

"I daresay—I really don't know; I did not come to talk about the play," Mrs. Meadows faltered; "I came because you might do more for me than anybody else alive! Miss Clarges, my husband is in love with you."

The start, the bewilderment in the eyes, was admirable; "My . . . *dear* Mrs. Meadows?"

"You need not trouble to deny it," said the lady quietly, "because he has acknowledged it to me. But that isn't all—you are in love with my husband."

"Are you here to insult me?" cried Miss Clarges, rising. "I have the honour to be one of his Lordship's friends; he has been pleased to discuss his comedy with me. Not unnatural, I think? Especially as I hope to produce the piece! As for . . . what you say, there has never been a word, a syllable—our conversations might have been phonographed for all London to hear!" The indignation of her voice quivered into pain. "I wouldn't have had this happen for the world—I can't understand it!" She struggled with a sob, and suppressed it proudly. "It's cruel!"

"I don't wonder that he admires you," said his wife thoughtfully, "you have great talent. But I have seen a letter from you to me. Here it is!"

Miss Clarges gasped, and looked at it. She sat down again very slowly. "All right," she said, "I *am* fond of your husband! Well?"

"It was finding your letter that made me write to you. I heard weeks ago that he was mad about you, but the letter showed me that *you* cared for *him* Oh, I know that I oughtn't to have written! I considered a long time before I made up my mind. But there was so much at stake, I thought you might help me. If you will listen—"

"What for?" exclaimed Miss Clarges. "What's the good of my listening? Even if I promised you not to see him again—I wouldn't promise it, but if I did—would it make him any fonder of *you?* Do you think, if *I* lost a man, I should beg the other woman to give him back to me? I should know she couldn't do it; I should know I might as well beg her to give me back—my innocence. And I shouldn't reproach her, either! I'd reproach myself!

(*Continued on page 240*)

# The Joys of Holiday-Making

**"BY THE WORLD FORGOT"**

Uncle Biskin, who has been buried in the sand by the children while taking forty winks, wakes up to find himself in a peculiarly unpleasant position. Time, 8 p.m. Tide coming in

*DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN*

(*Continued from page 238*)

I should call myself a fool for not holding my own. Women like me *don't* lose the man they want—we know how easy it is for him to leave us, and we take the trouble to keep him. It's you good women who are always being left; after you've caught the man, you think you've nothing more to do. Marriage is the end of your little story, so you take it for granted it *must* be the end of his. The more you love him, the sooner you bore him. You go bankrupt in the honeymoon—you're a back number to him before you've been married a month—he knows all your life, and all your mind, and all your moods. You haven't a charm in reserve for him—and then you wonder he yawns. Great Scott! To hold a man's interest, show him your heart, as you pull out a tape measure—an inch at the time. I adore your husband; I venerate him! My guilty love has made me a purer woman. You can't realise that—I don't expect you to realise it; but surely you must know that—if you wept and went down on your knees to me—I couldn't say, 'Because the right's all on your side, he shall never think about me any more'?"

"You misunderstand the object of my visit," said Mrs. Meadows, meekly. "I didn't come to weep to you; I didn't come to beg you to say that he should never think about you any more. I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love."

"Eh?" ejaculated Miss Clarges.

"I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love," repeated the elder woman, in plaintive tones. "You see, to you he is only an episode; but unless I choose to make a scandal—and I have daughters to consider—*I* must expect to spend many more years with him. If you would help me to discover some attraction in him, it would make life far easier for me."

Kitty Clarges sat staring at her dumbly. "You f-find no attraction in him?" she stammered at last.

"It is unconventional of me to admit it to you; but, as I say, there is so much at stake—I feel justified in asking your assistance. To me he is tedious beyond words to tell. If you would explain why you adore him, if you would show me some merit—some spark of talent, or wit, or humour, something to make his pretensions less intolerable—you don't know how thankful to you I should be."

"Your husband is a great man." She spoke with a touch of uncertainty.

"Oh, no! And I should be foolish to ask so much—a moderately intelligent man is all that a woman like me has the right to expect. The Bishop is unfortunately very, very dull. Believe me, I have tried most conscientiously to be deceived by him. I used to read his Press notices, and say, 'Look what the newspapers say about him—it *must* be true!' But I knew it wasn't. I used to listen to his sermons—there aren't many of them; they've been the same sermons for twenty years—and say, 'What lovely language, what noble thoughts! How proud his little Mildred should be!' But, though I was a young girl then, I knew that the lovely language was all sound and no sense, and that the noble thoughts came out of the 'Dictionary of Quotations.' Oh, Miss Clarges! you are a brilliant woman, far, far cleverer than I—he must have some stray quality that my earnest search hasn't brought to light, or you couldn't gush so romantically about him. Help me to see it! Think how he wearies me—tell me what his virtue is!"

The actress was breathing heavily, her nostrils fluttered; on her bloodless cheeks the delicacy of "Maiden Bloom" stood out in unbecoming blotches. To hear that she idolised a man whom this little provincial in last year's fashions disdained as a bore, robbed her of speech. She had not believed there could be such depths of humiliation in the world.

Some seconds passed, while the suppliant watched her wistfully.

"If you don't care for your husband, I'm afraid I couldn't teach you to love him."

"No, no; I only thought you might help me to put up with him; I'm not unreasonable—I'd be grateful for small mercies. If you'd mention a ray of interest in him, I'd keep my eyes on that, and make the most of it. . . . You're not vexed with me for coming?"

"Oh, not at all; I—I suppose you've been very . . . amiable, our interview has been rather quaint; I'm sorry I can't oblige you."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Meadows, "it can't be helped. But I must say I'm disappointed! When I found out there was a woman in love with him, it simply amazed me; I felt it only right to consult you—it seemed such an opportunity to improve matters at home. Still, there it is, if you can't tell me, you can't!' She was very downcast. "Then I'll say 'good afternoon.'"

"May I offer you some—tea?" quavered Kitty, clinging to the mantelpiece.

"Thank you so much, but I'm afraid I must be going now; I promised to see our secretary at the office of the Mission Fund at four o'clock. Good-bye, Miss Clarges. You needn't tell the Bishop that I called. It has been quite useless!" She sighed herself out.

Now, though Kitty Clarges endeavoured to persuade herself by turns that Mrs. Meadows was a fool, incapable of appreciating her husband, and that Mrs. Meadows was a diplomat scheming to disenchant her with him, both endeavours were unsuccessful. She could not think the woman an utter idiot, and still less was it possible to think her a genius. Kitty Clarges was less entranced by the Bishop in their next meeting. Between them lurked a dowdy little figure, regarding her with derisive eyes. The derision shamed her as no homily could have ever done. The figure was present at all their meetings, and often she lost sight of the Bishop's classical features, and could see nothing but his wife's eyes ridiculing her. His eloquence was no longer thrilling—she was obsessed by the knowledge that it wasn't good enough for the woman in the clothes from Brixton.

Before long the sight of her own dove-coloured gowns began to get on her nerves, and gradually she discarded them. Once, when the Bishop proposed to visit her, she told him that she would be lunching out. A few days later she wrote that unforeseen circumstances denied her the hope of producing his comedy. His urgent letter of inquiry remained unanswered. When he called for an explanation she was "not at home."

LEONARD MERRICK.

# Swans—The Latest Thames Nuisance

A company of Thames "Swan-Uppers" in their quaint jerseys

READERS of THE BYSTANDER who know the river at all well will be familiar with the annual ceremony depicted in our illustrations, and known as "swan-upping." All the swans on the Thames belong to the King, the Vintners' Company, or the Dyers' Company, and each year a number of men representing the three owners journey along the river, and brand all the swans with the individual marks of their owners. The ceremony is, of course, quaint, and one would not for worlds have the Thames a swanless river, yet with all due respect to the owners, we would prefer to see fewer swans on the river. Year after year the number of people using the river increases, as also does the number of swans, and this year we have heard many complaints from pleasure-parties as to the nuisance swans have become. Just recently the present writer was swimming in the river between Shepperton and Chertsey, and coming upon some parent swans with a brood of cygnets, was forced to swim ashore and wait until the family had passed, such was the savage attitude of the older birds. And this is not the only instance of its kind. Something, we venture to think, ought to be done to keep down the number of birds near places most affected by pleasure-seekers, as in the nesting season they not only constitute a nuisance, but are oftentimes a menace.

"Swan-Uppers" marking a young swan on the mandible with the sign of the Vintners' Company

# Golf Notes and Notions

**The International Foursome Match**

Thanks to an excellent suggestion by Mr. Frank Kinloch, we are promised a treat such as golfers have not had for many a long day. Arrangements have been made for a match between Braid and Herd, on the one side, and Vardon and Taylor, on the other, representing respectively Scotland and England. Since the great match between Harry Vardon and Willie Park, which took place some seven years ago, we have had no really big match for a money stake between leading professionals. This is not surprising, seeing the frequency of exhibition matches at various links, and the many competitions under the auspices of the Professional Association, which engage the attention of the professional players. There is, nowadays, hardly any spare time for a professional in the front rank to devote to a money match. In older days, such matches were far more frequent. Then, apart from the Open Championship, there were but few competitions for the professionals; consequently the big dogs were constantly going for each other, and matches between old and young Tom Morris and the Parks or Dunns were the occasion of much interest and considerable wagering in golfing circles. These matches were foursomes, and, like the one just arranged, were played over several greens, and sometimes resulted in most interesting and exciting fights.

**Reminiscences of Young Tom Morris**

There were singles, too. Young Tommy and his great rival, Davy Strath, had many a tussle at St. Andrews and North Berwick. I never had the good fortune to see young Tommy play, but I often watched his rival, Strath, playing in his incomparably graceful style. It was during one of these great matches at North Berwick that news was brought of the death of poor young Tommy's wife. The sorrowful tidings were kept back till the match was over, and then the father and son boarded a fishing smack and sailed over to St. Andrews. The poor young fellow never recovered from the blow, and his death followed soon after, thus closing one of the most brilliant careers the golfing world has ever known. Later on came matches between Jimmy Allan, the great Westward Ho player, and Bob Kirk, and Jamie Anderson. Kirk was easily defeated by the Englishman. I remember seeing the final part of this match played at St. Andrews. Kirk was already many holes down as the result of the play over the other courses, and had sought consolation and Dutch courage in the bottle. He was a "sair sicht" during the last round, and I should say that he saw many more balls than his own, and generally hit the wrong one. Kirk's defeat led to a challenge by Jamie Anderson, then at the zenith of his great powers, to play the hitherto invincible Jimmy Allan. After a good match, Anderson won fairly comfortably. Anderson was not a long driver, but very straight, his ball never rising much into the air. But his play, with all his irons, was superb. I saw him myself at successive holes at St. Andrews, the sixteenth and seventeenth, hole one iron approach, and ring the hole with another.

**Futility of the Force on the Course**

Later still came the great match between Andrew Kirkaldy and Willie Park, which ended at St. Andrews in the defeat of the latter. I have never seen more superb play than Andrew treated us to on that occasion. The crowd at St. Andrews was enormous, the whole of Edinburgh having, apparently, treated itself to a holiday in order to view the match. Several of us came to the conclusion that the only way in which we could get any sight of the shots was by running forward at every hole. This we did, in spite of the shouts and prohibitive endeavours of the local constabulary. I remember, as we were standing some 300 yards from the seventeenth tee, a solemn, broad-footed constable waved us aside. As we took no notice of him, he adjured us, in broad Doric, to "gang awa' frae there, as y'ere obstructing the players." The idea of obstructing the players at that distance was so rich that we could not move for laughing, much to the indignation of the local Dogberry. Policemen, poor fellows, mean well, but they are quite out of place on a golf course, and should only be kept near at hand, in some retired spot, ready to be called for in an emergency, while the regulation of the crowd is left to a select band of fleet-footed members of the club.

**In Praise of the Foursome**

I rejoice at the prospect of the coming match, and in particular at the form in which it has been arranged. There seems some possibility now of the foursome, the finest species of match-play, coming to its own again. In these modern days, the craving for individual play, with the chance of record smashing, has led to the foursome being given the go-by in favour of singles and four-ball matches. Good as these may be, they do not bring out the finest qualities of players in the same degree as the foursome does. The foursome demands generalship, combination, unselfishness, and many other qualities which do not come into play in an equal degree in other forms of golf matches. More especially do I welcome this match as a refreshing variant from the many scoring competitions to which the professionals treat us. Let us have many more of such matches (and rumour already speaks of a challenge by White and Tom Vardon to the winners), and possibly we may, in time, get the professionals to see that match-play is by no means to be despised as a test of golf, and may, in the end, see some form of it introduced into the Open Championship, a blessed consummation for which many of us are praying.

Ernest Lehmann

# Golf in Ceylon

The Golf Links at Newara Eliya, Ceylon: Approaching the twelfth green

Not long since we published photographs of a new golf course which had just been laid out at Free Town, Sierra Leone. A further instance is afforded of the growth of golf in the Colonies by the accompanying photograph of the Newara Golf Course at Colombo. It would appear as if golf links will be, in the near future, an indispensable factor of life in the smallest settlement where Britons may be found. The Colombo Club has, however, been in existence some time. It has a splendid and very sporting eighteen-hole course, while the surrounding scenery is lovely.

The club-house and members at Newara Eliya, Ceylon

# The Library

It is not given to everybody to be able to penetrate the innermost meaning conveyed by the sights and sounds, and the tragedies and comedies, of so vast a city as London. At the best, those who live in London know it only in "bits." The dweller in, say, Paddington knows little or nothing of Sydenham, and the same may be said of the dweller in Sydenham with regard to Paddington. Each is too much swallowed up in his own "bit" of London to be able to regard the city as a whole, and only by realising this aspect, and kindred others set forth in Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's *Soul of London* (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*), can we form any satisfactory impression of the size and meaning of our great city. This is a book to be read and pondered over, and afterwards put on the library shelf next to Leigh Hunt's "The Town," and that, of course, is where it can be easily reached. The fascination that London possesses over its lovers has given rise to much that we prize in our literature, but he was, indeed, a lover who, "dying a long way from London, sighed queerly for a sight of the gush of smoke that, on a platform of the Underground, one may see escaping in great woolly clots up a circular opening by a grimy, rusted iron shield into the dim upper light. He wanted to see it again," says the author, "as others have wished to see once more the Bay of Naples, the olive groves of Catania." And how many people have ever within their own consciousness tried to set limits to London other than those limits defined by Blue Books—such a limit, for instance, as "the glow on its sky" or the still more charming method of determination which would have it that "London begins where tree-trunks commence to be black." Space only prevents us from quoting at large from this charming book, which has a fresh idea picturesquely set forth on every page.

An excellent companion to the "Soul of London" is *The Scenery of London*, a beautiful colour book, just published by Messrs. A. and C. Black at 20*s.* net. In this book, seventy-five of Mr. Herbert M. Marshall's pictures of London have been faithfully reproduced, and the letterpress has been supplied by Mr. G. E. Mitton, who collaborated with the late Sir Walter Besant, the most famous of latter-day writers on London. The result is a beautiful book, in which we may see London in all its, so to speak, "physical" aspects—glowing in the sunshine (we remember particularly the picture of the Tower seen from the river, and looking like a castle of gold), and also in its drabbest (a picture of the Embankment on a winter's day being an excellent example of this aspect). This is one of the most suitable presentation books we have seen this year.

The past week or so has seen a large output of novels. *Phil Conway*, by Archibald C. Gunter (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*), is a detective story in the Sherlock Holmes vein. Somehow it comes over you, when reading this book, that the solutions to the various mysteries were invented first, and that the plots follow because they simply can't help themselves, whereas in "Sherlock Holmes" the more natural order of things occurs. However, although Mr. Gunter's book is not so good as Dr. Conan Doyle's, adventure follows adventure quickly enough to make it well worth reading, especially during this enervating weather. *One of a Mob*, by the popular sporting novelist, Nat Gould, is a story of life on an up-country ranch in Australia. In one chapter of this story the dawning of self-consciousness in a young girl is very prettily told. There is the usual mischief-making woman, who gets her fingers burnt in the social fire, and there are two or three exciting descriptions of races. All ends happily. Mr. John Long is the publisher, as he is of *The Maid of the River*, by Mrs. Campbell Praed. No woman writer knows Australia so well as Mrs. Praed, as readers of her "Dwellers by the River" will remember, and this latest book of hers, which recounts an Australian girl's love story, is in Mrs. Praed's best vein. Other stories we have received this week are: *The Parish Nurse*, by Mary E. Mann (Methuen: 6*s.*); *The Temptation of Philip Carr*, by May Wynne (Swan Sonnenschein: 6*s.*); *His Mascot*, by Mrs. L. T. Meade (John Long: 6*s.*); some of which we hope to deal with next week.

Messrs. Bell have sent us this week a little biography of *Defoe*, by Albinia Wherry, and published in their "Miniature Series of Great Writers," at 1*s.* Those who know Defoe only as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and perhaps "The Journal of the Plague Year," will find much in this little volume to interest them. Defoe was a most wonderful worker, "gifted alike to shine in every sphere, novelist, historian, poet, pamphleteer," as Charles Lamb wrote of him. How many know that Defoe was only a small boy at the time of the plague he so vividly describes, and that his realistic journal, which reads like the experiences of an eye-witness, was really the product of his wonderful imagination—that imagination which caused the late Sir Leslie Stephen to write of him: "To Defoe was given a tongue to which no one could listen without believing every word he uttered; he had the most marvellous power ever known of giving verisimilitude to his fiction, or, in other words, he had the most amazing talent on record for telling lies." This little biography is a good little piece of work, and its value is enhanced by several interesting illustrations.

The holiday season, with its crop of guide-books, suggests a comparison between the old and new article. While one would not willingly part with the old, old Murray, with its double columns full of historical and legendary lore, and its thousand and one unnecessary, yet delightful, items of information, the new books are more in touch with the modern spirit, and allow one to know just what is wanted with the least amount of trouble. From Messrs. A. and C. Black we have received guide-books ranging in price from one shilling to half a crown, which include the following: *Surrey; Sussex; English Lakes; Hampshire; Galway; Isle of Wight; South-West France*, and one can readily recommend them to anybody intent on making holiday in these places. If you are going anywhere else, and want a guide-book, you could not do better than order a "Black" for the district through your bookseller.

While hardly to be called a guide-book, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's *By Moor and Fell in West Yorkshire* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*), with its landscapes and lang-settle lore, is just the book to send one into spots which might otherwise be passed over, and to give such wanderings more interest than perhaps can be obtained from seeing "show places," since its effect is to bring one into contact with the people. The chapter on Haworth will appeal specially to Brontë readers, and the illustrations by George Hering are a charming addition to the book. We have in mind, also, a similar guide, published some time since by Messrs. Methuen, which does the same for Naples as Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe does for West Yorkshire. Written by Mr. Arthur Norway, this book serves to recall the traditions and history of Naples, and a new edition just issued contains some characteristic illustrations in colour by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen. The price of the work is six shillings.

## Books to Order This Week

### General Literature

**The Soul of London.** By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)

**The Scenery of London.** Painted by Herbert M. Marshall and described by G. E. Mitton. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.*)

**Defoe.** By Albinia Wherry. (Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers: 1*s.*)

**The Russian Revolutionary Movement.** By Konni Zilliacus. (Alston Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

### Fiction

**Lohengrin.** By Bernard Capes. (Dean and Son: 6*s.*)

**The Parish Nurse.** By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

**Phil Conway.** By Archibald C. Gunter. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)

**One of a Mob.** By Nat Gould. (John Long: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

**The Maid of the River.** By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (John Long: 6*s.*)

**Hugh Rendal.** A Public School Story. By Lionel Portman. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)

# A Bookman's Gossip

**"The Real Lord Byron"**

More than twenty years have gone since Cordy Jeaffreson flattered himself, but convinced none else, that he had disclosed to the world the real Lord Byron. Many have been the efforts to achieve this difficult, if not impossible task, the latest being by way of a compromise, as Mr. W. A. Lewis Bettany has essayed, in "The Confessions of Lord Byron" (Murray: 10*s.* 6*d.*), to present the man in his own words. The plan is ingenious and well carried out, but I am not quite sure that it takes us any further, even supposing a burning desire to be taken further, into the character of Byron. Mr. Bettany has devoted immense care and discrimination to searching Byron's letters and journals for expressions of his private opinions upon all manner of subjects likely to give a clue to the man himself. The result is most readable, indeed valuable, but I, for one, do not find myself the nearer to Byron in consequence, as I doubt if there is a less reliable index to Byron than his written word. Mr. Bettany has shown us again, in his somewhat irrelevant introduction to the book, that he is a literary critic of unusual skill and wide reading, his comparisons of Byron and Johnson being very interesting; but perhaps he will soon give us some original work now that he has done these excellent compilations of Byron and of "Johnson's Table Talk," which latter I had occasion to praise some time ago. Mr. Murray has produced the Byron volume in sumptuous manner.

**Mrs. Flora Annie Steel**

This is an authentic photograph of the celebrated novelist as opposed to one we published with the title "Mrs. Steel," in our issue July 19, the original of which was another lady. Mrs. Steel informed us of the error in a witty and good-humoured letter

**Mr. Bernard Capes**

Not often does it happen that a popular novelist has two books out in the same week, but so it befell in the case of Mr. Bernard Capes's "A Jay of Italy" (Methuen) and "The Romance of Lohengrin" (Dean), the other week. Yet, on the whole, I do not think we can accuse Mr. Capes of producing too much. He has barely averaged two books a year since he made his name in 1898 with "The Lake of Wine," and a good many of these have been collections of short stories. I have read his "Lohengrin" with considerable enjoyment. It gives a vivid prose version of the legend as we have it in Wagner's opera. Hardly a prose version: he has written it in prose that has the rhythm of blank verse, and is absolutely verse in many of its sentences. On the whole, Mr. Capes is rather a puzzling mixture of the robust and the precious, though I am pleased to notice that his preciosity is being toned down in some of his later works—"The Secret in the Hill," for instance, which I read some time back with immense pleasure. It looked at one time as if he had absorbed Meredith to his eternal undoing as a writer; but a firm, polished, alert style is emerging from his earlier indiscretions. The wonder is that he ever attained popularity with some of his books in which his affectations were most pronounced. It proves how dramatically strong they were. It is said that he once received an anonymous letter to this effect: "I have grappled with Meredith and overcome him; I can sometimes even understand Kipling; but you beat me altogether with 'Plots.' I presume it has a meaning. Would you mind revealing it to me?" I have not read this collection of stories, but this would be damaging criticism, if, as I suspect, it is not entirely exaggeration. Mr. Capes has an extraordinary faculty for the gruesome and mysterious, and in several of the stories in "At a Winter's Fire" he "achieves the grue" with entire success; but his attempts with pseudo-science are not so good as Mr. Wells's. Mr. Capes is a Londoner by birth, though his soldierly bearing, his healthy, handsome countenance, does not suggest the son of the City. He was intended for the Army, and only failed of realising that ambition by some clerical error. He then took to clerking in the City; later to the study of art at the Slade School, and afterwards to rabbit-farming (so 'tis said) and publishing, the latter pastime including the production of the now defunct *Theatre* magazine, some copies of which, bearing his name, I still have on my shelves. He managed to get rid of money in all these pleasant occupations; but in 1896 he won the second prize of £600 in an American competition with his novel "The Mill of Silence," and literature has been his work and play ever since. Mr. Capes lives at Winchester; and finally, I seem to remember some statement as to his having been elected a member of the Goncourt Academy.

**Literature in the Factory**

There is a very interesting article in the last number of the American *Bookman* on "Literature and Cigar Making." I learn from this that in most of the large cigar factories of Havana a professional reader has long been an important institution. He sits in an elevated desk, or pulpit, and reads aloud for some three hours every day to the men who are busy making cigars. The Cuban is so prone to gesticulate while he gossips, that the reader was originally invented as a happy plan for keeping the workers interested while their

fingers were busy, and had thus a good economic reason for his existence. But the men have long accepted him as an essential feature of their factory life, and actually support him by a weekly levy, the wages thus subscribed to readers in the various factories ranging from £6 to £12 a week! As the workers pay the piper, they have also the right to call the tune; and the rules which regulate the choice of books to be read are quite elaborate, the workers voting for the stories they wish to hear, and their representative co-operating with the reader in the daily choice of news items from the papers, as one half of the time goes to reading the news of the day and the remainder to fiction or poetry. Byron—in Spanish, of course—is a great favourite with the *tabaqueros*, but it is worthy of mention that they have never heard of Hall Caine or Marie Corelli. It should also be added that the taste displayed by the men, many of whom are illiterates, in works of fiction—favourites being voted frequent re-reading—is sound and healthy.

### "A Publisher's Confession"

A little book which ought to be read by all bookmen is "A Publisher's Confession," just issued in this country by Messrs. Gay and Bird. It appears anonymously, but it is generally understood to be from the pen of one of the most brilliant American editors—Mr. Walter H. Page, who made his mark a good many years ago as editor of the *Forum*, and later of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but has been more recently associated with the Doubleday, Page Company, and numerous publishing enterprises of importance. He knows all that is to be known about the making and selling of books, but he does not tell all. He tells enough to make his book one of singular value, and to warn the man in the street that there are many easier roads to riches than that of book-publishing. Few English critics will differ from him in his enumeration of the "best selling" American novels, which he frankly describes as "bad"—"Eben Holden," "When Knighthood was in Flower," and all the well-known rubbish, and his reason for their success will be as readily accepted:

> They have construction. They have action. They have substance. A series of events come to pass in a certain order by a well-laid plan. It is real structure—not a mere pile of bricks and lumber. The bricks and lumber that went into them are not as fine, nor as good, as somebody else may have in his brick-yard and his lumber-pile. But they are put together.

Precisely; they tell a story, and that is what sells a novel, though the literary graces of style and character are the things that give a novel permanence. Our author, by the way, in the passage quoted, has neither style nor good composition! I confess that I ... with him in thinking that both Mr. Howells and Mr. James, in their later books, find as many readers as they deserve. Mr. James's manner, as displayed in some of his recent contributions to the *North American Review*, is little short of the ludicrous. Meredithese at its worst is lucidity compared with it.

### "So Changed!"

We all know the story of the artist who painted the portrait of a man's grandfather entirely from imagination, and how the man exclaimed on seeing it, "So that's poor old grandad. How changed he is!" Similarly, many who know Mrs. Flora Annie Steel must have remarked how changed she was in her portrait which I gave the other week. It is some years since I saw the lady, and then only at a distance; but I, too, thought that she had altered curiously. However, when a photographer produces a portrait labelled "Mrs. Flora Annie Steel" you doubt your memory. Evidently it is a wiser plan to doubt your photographer, as there is now no reason to doubt that the portrait I gave was not that of Mrs. Steel at all, but of some fair unknown. As witness an authentic photo of the famous novelist, which proves to me that she has not altered at all, and restores my respect for my memory.

**Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond**

The well-known mountaineer and writer of travel books. The snapshot was taken while the author was taking views of the Grand National Tobogganing Races on the Cresta Run

### A Lady Mountaineer

It is refreshing in these sweltering days to look at a photograph taken among the snows, and that is why I am giving this week a snapshot of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, the well-known mountaineer and writer of travel books. The photo was taken in the Engadine last year, just about the time that her last important book, "Adventures on the Roof of the World," was published. Mrs. Le Blond, who resides at Brighton when in England, is an adventurous traveller and a bright descriptive writer, as such books as "The High Alps in Winter" (published twenty-two years ago) and "Cities and Sights of Spain" bear witness.

# The Connoisseur

## OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN

Among all the delightful vanities that the world of old ceramics lays before the enthusiastic but critical eye of the connoisseur, there is none to compare with the original and incomparable porcelains of that land wherein Kubla Khan decreed a stately pleasure-dome, and where the potters, in centuries early to the Christians, perfected their splendid art. China, the original home of porcelain, first knew the secrets of this manufacture, which Europe at last won from them in the eighteenth century, during the *Han* dynasty, dating B.C. 185 to A.D. 88. The internal political disturbances of those days doubtless prevented the development of the art which appears to have prospered to the greatest advantage under the *Ming* dynasty, or, at all events, during certain periods of it, for it lasted from A.D. 1368 to 1648. Under the present reigning house, that of the Manchu Tartars, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, fine work has been produced, and even at the present time—although not perhaps for the European markets—superb work is manufactured, and the glorious traditions of Old Nankin religiously preserved.

Collection of antique Chinese porcelains, chiefly of the K'ang Hsi and Yung Cheng periods, from 1661 to about 1736

### Celestial Reproductions

As Disraeli said of English literature, the most remarkable feature of Celestial work is its reproductiveness. The earliest examples have been copied again and again in various centuries by the Chinese themselves, and they have not hesitated, in those cases where marks showing the dynasty and reign were used, to reproduce these exactly. Thus the work of the collector, Celestial or European, is not of the easiest; indeed, but for the fact that many seventeenth-century copies are as pleasant to look upon, and as agreeable to the sense of touch, as the originals, their self-imposed task would be a heart-breaking one. In this connection the late Sir A. W. Franks, of the British Museum, said that it is to the Khang-lu period, 1661-1722, that we may probably refer most of the old specimens of Chinese porcelain that are seen in collections, even when they bear earlier dates.

### The Sense of Touch

But the Chinese reproductions are often too valuable to make an appearance in our markets. The counterfeits most likely to come before a modern collector are very largely Japanese or European. Hungary and France, and, we fancy, Holland, show considerable cleverness in these reproductions, which we should admire more freely if they did not so often become impositions. But those who are accustomed to the sight, and to the even more important test of touch, will not be greatly disturbed by what is, no doubt, a growing trade in spurious Oriental wares. For those to whom the knowledge is important will soon acquire sufficient skill to differentiate the thing that is from the thing which ought to be. How useful this information may be is proved frequently now in the more important auction rooms. The other day there was the romantic history of the Huth blue and white prunus jar, with its price increased a hundred-fold, and frequently, among the elder collectors, one comes

across fine specimens which have cost something less than a handful of silver, and are worth many hundreds of sovereigns to-day. A few of the main periods and styles of old Chinese porcelains are represented in our illustrations, which are photographs from examples recently exhibited in the Duveen Galleries in Bond Street.

### Our Illustrations

The first illustration shows an excellent variety of porcelains chiefly of the periods K'ang Hsi, or He, and Yung Chêng, namely, from 1661 to about 1736. These pieces vary from the purely beautiful examples of the "black family," seen on the top row, showing an inverted pear-shaped jar with drop lid, two cups on stands, and a rice bowl, to the grotesque religionism of the Lioness of Korea, known also as the Dog of Fo, on the middle row, or the fabulous lion of unusual form, mounted on ormolu in the style of Caffieri, (a form of added ornamentation which we, personally, resent as applied to old Chinese work) on the lowest shelf. Each piece here is a perfect and charming example of Celestial porcelain such as grows rarer every year as the number of those who appreciate it grows larger. The second photograph is from a cylindrical jar of the K'ang Hsi period with the highly characteristic ornamentation of chrysanthemum and pæony. In this class of work the mastery of Oriental ceramists in combining many different colours and designs in one decorative whole is admirably shown.

### A Remarkable Pair of Vases

The last illustration gives one of a remarkable pair of vases made by way of compliment for a European Ambassador. The Western figures are treated in a Chinese manner with excellent effect, and the arrangement of the personage of distinction who has just presented a spray of pæony to his wife, and of the attendants and children, is in the manner of the most approved school of the period. The bowl of peaches seen through the round windows at the back is emblematic of conjugal happiness, and no doubt many of the other details of the decoration imply some delicate Eastern compliment such as the finest porcelains usually convey. The collection at Messrs. Duveens', from which these photographs were taken, showed many dozens of fine examples from about 1662 to 1796, during which time much of the most interesting work in the porcelain factories of far Cathay was produced; it is to such exhibitions as this that the amateur must go for that experience and knowledge without which all his efforts as a collector will avail him nothing. E. M.

**Cylindrical jar of Chinese porcelain of the K'ang Hsi period**

Elaborately decorated with designs of pæony and chrysanthemum. 21 inches

**Very large inverted pear-shaped jar, with lid surmounted by gilded lion**

This vase, decorated with European figures, was especially made at the Imperial factory as a present of importance and high esteem to a European Ambassador. 4 ft. 3 in.: Ch'ien Lung period, 1735-1796

# Thames Punting Championship at Maidenhead

**W. Haines (holder), who again won the Championship, and C. Asplen (ex-champion)**

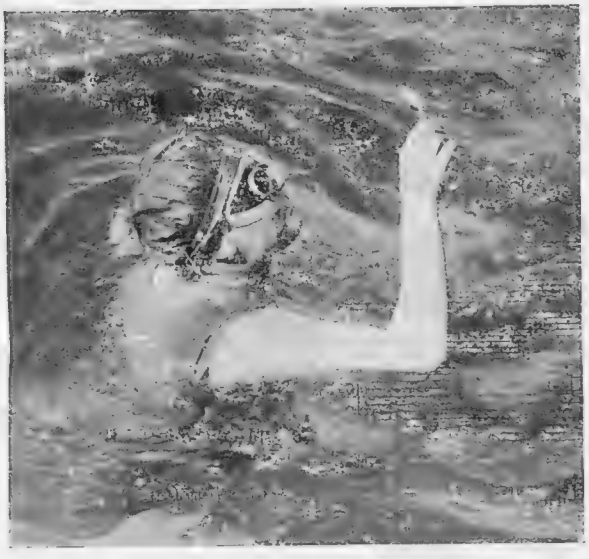
Haines achieved a splendid victory in the record time of 9 mins. 37 secs. for the mile course, beating his previous record by 10 secs.

*Photos by* *Illustrations Bureau*

**Haines, Asplen and Clarke starting for a heat in the Handicap**

A great deal of interest was taken in the Handicap, which was won by G. Lovegrove, of Maidenhead. The distance was one mile, with one turn, and the punting was better than in any previous year. There were thirty-two entries

# A Woman's Attempt to Swim the Channel



Miss Kellerman taking food during her attempt to swim the Channel

OUR reverence for the prowess of the gallant Captain Matt. Webb grows as time advances. "The only man to swim the Channel" is his proud record, and when one thinks of the number of swimmers—good, bad, and indifferent—who have since attempted, and in every case failed, it is a matter of speculation as to how much luck Webb had when he made his successful crossing. But then, in his day, the "physical deterioration" wail had not been set up. At the present moment, there seems to be a Channel-swimming microbe abroad, judging from the numbers attempting to emulate Webb's feat, and the most interesting feature of the craze is the attempt made by Miss Kellerman, the Australian lady-swimmer, who, having been beaten once—by fog—has pluckily announced her intention of making another try. Miss Kellerman's aquatic record makes her next attempt an interesting event, as, given the necessary luck in the way of weather and currents her chances of success seem as good as anybody's.

*Photos by* *Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Annette Kellerman preparing for her swim at Dover

# AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

### Beautiful Garden Cities

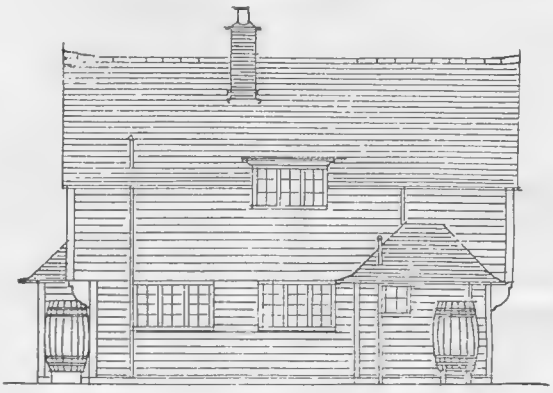
During this heat, to a Londoner's ears, the words "Garden City" are undoubtedly attractive. When, further, it is vaguely intimated that the Company, in its dealings with its tenants, is semi-philanthropic, and has so arranged matters that it cannot earn more than five per cent., then the weary City dweller—hot, dusty, tired of trams, tubes, politics, and rates—dreaming dreams, builds beautiful airy fairy cottages in the ideal Garden City.

### From King's Cross to Letchworth, via Hitchin

As my motor is, at present, suffering from a sore throat, or, to be more explicit, a new-fangled automatic carburettor that won't carburate, I travelled down on the G.N.R. One of their motors carried me comfortably to Hitchin. I arrived punctually, free from dust, untroubled by punctures. In my anxiety to miss none of the attractions of the "Garden City," I determined to walk the two or three miles that separate it from Hitchin, rather than to go by train from the junction to Letchworth.

### No Garden, no City, at the Garden City

I remember once buying a packet of the much-advertised "Grape Nuts." I was disappointed to find, after I had paid my money, that the stuff in the packet had nothing to do with either grapes or nuts. I experienced much the same feeling of disappointment—only, of course, on a larger scale—when I reached Letchworth. I could see no garden and no city. Frequent boards stated that this was the "First Garden City," and guided by the noise of a band and the sight of many flags, after traversing a bare, newly-made road, rejoicing in the name of "Acacia Avenue," I found myself near a long, low, temporary structure, which turned out to be a refreshment-room. People who start cities, garden cities, or in fact any kind of cities, during the present hot weather do well to begin with a refreshment-room. Any old shanty does as a bar, and it is invariably a financial success. I could see at once that the Letchworth authorities knew their business. I entered, selected a fluid, and wished them luck.



**Cheap Cottages Exhibition at Letchworth**

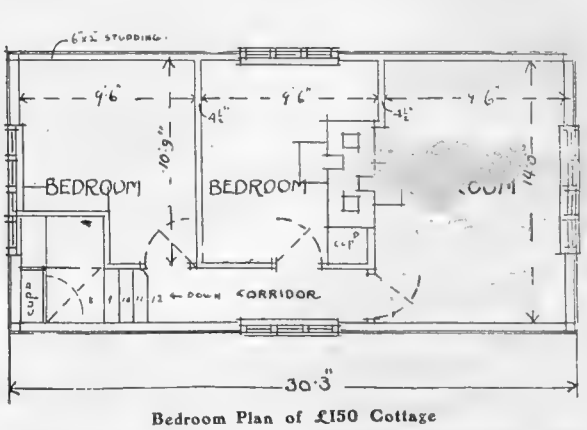
Side elevation of £150 cottage designed by Lionel Crane

### Combine Cottage with Car

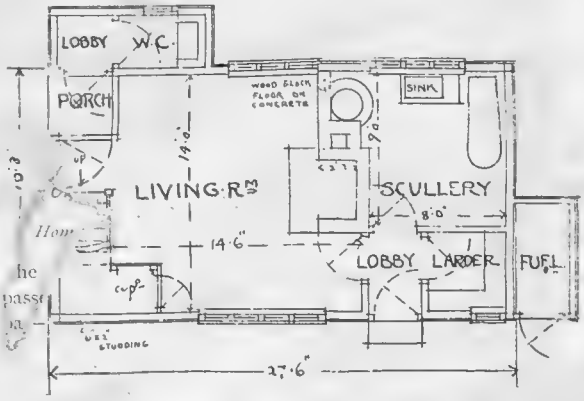
Those who have the energy this hot weather to read these notes may ask what all this has to do with motors. Well, just this: week-end cottages and cars are a good combine. Hearing of this cheap cottages exhibition in the Garden City, hearing that five-roomed cottages were to be had for the paltry sum of £150—real cottages with a roof, gas, hot and cold water, bathroom, drains; lamps, horn, tools, as you may say, all in, for less than the price of a 6 h.-p. De Dion—I came down to inspect.

### So to the Cottages

Clustered close in a dusty corner of a large field were the hundred and fifty pounders. Funny little things—all sorts, all colours, made from all kinds of materials, few facing the same way. It looked almost as if some giant child, one of those curious creatures that H. G. Wells writes of in "The Food of the Gods," had had a birthday. His parents and relatives had presented him with some toy cottages, and he hadn't finished arranging them. In the vain hope of finding one designer who had had the sense to put a motor-pit in the living-room, I inspected the lot. I must say that I would never have believed that so much could be got for the money. Brick cottages, rough-cast cottages, timber cottages, were jostled by baby palaces, substantially built from concrete blocks. Tin creations stood next to marvellous plaster bungalows. Curious, easily




Bedroom Plan of £150 Cottage




Ground Plan of £150 Cottage

PLAN OF A CHEAP COTTAGE DESIGNED BY MR. LIONEL CRANE, AND PUT UP AT THE LETCHWORTH EXHIBITION

*Photo by*] BLACKPOOL MOTOR RACES: A REMARKABLE VIEW TAKEN FROM THE TOWER [*Topical Agency*

broken blocks, composed of straw and plaster of Paris, were used in some cases. Many were quite pleasing to the eye, supposedly rustic furniture, water-butts, and the usual stage cottage accessories helping the picture.

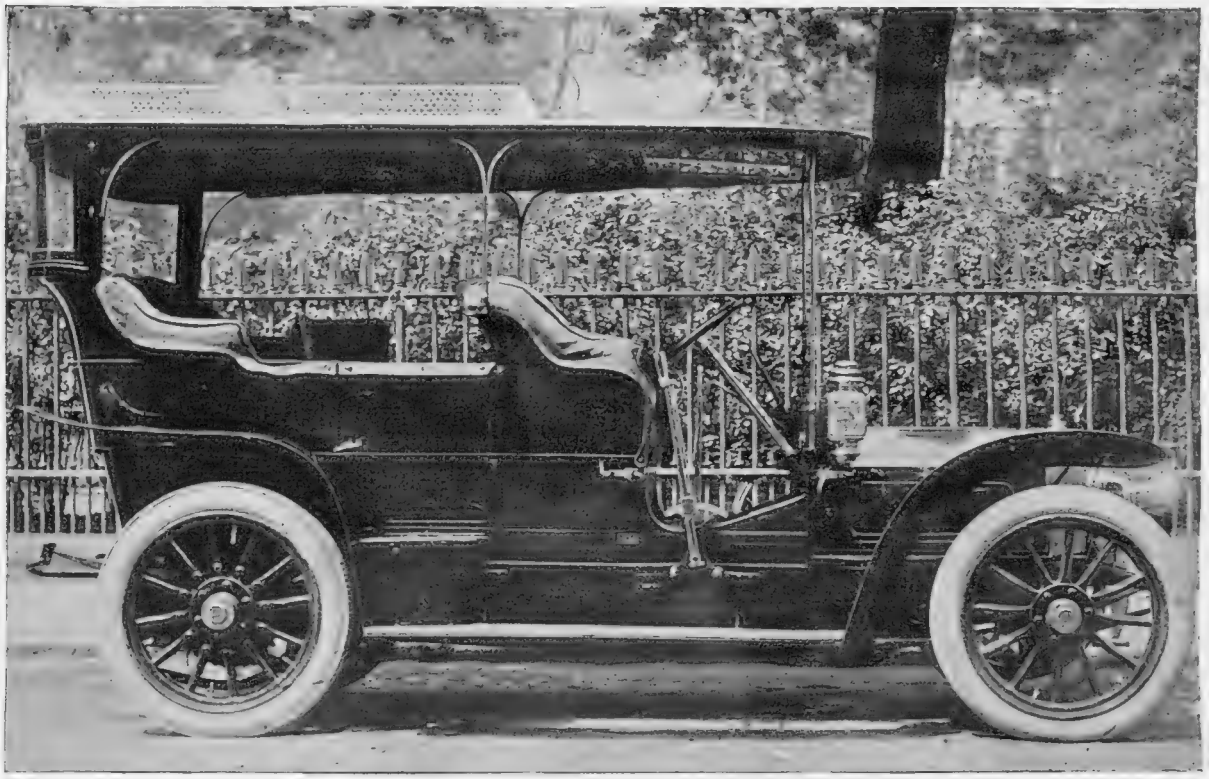
### Wood-cots for Weary Week-enders

Keeping in mind the M.O.M.M. (motorist of moderate means), who wants to plant a little cottage in a pretty situation in his favourite bit of country, I asked a great many questions of the architects and builders in attendance. Rightly or wrongly, I came to the conclusion that some of the cottages could not be built elsewhere for the money, that others were so chucked together that they would not stand weather wear; that, in fact, only a few would be really serviceable concerns if duplicates were built in other parts of the country at the price of £150. The one I liked best was a semi-wooden building, designed by Lionel Crane. Artistic, practical, tasteful, I really believe that this could be built for the money, and it is a type of cottage that would be quite ideal for the weary week-ender with simple tastes. I append a short description of this little "wood-cot." A timber-framed building, with tiled roof, standing on concrete foundations, it contains a good-sized living room, with ample scullery, in which is a bath, sink, and copper, etc., and overhead three bedrooms. Wood floors on the first floor, wood blocks on concrete foundations being used on the ground floor. Such a cottage could be erected in ten weeks.

### The Road-hog's Retreat

Many of the others were more pretentious, and might, perhaps, in some cases, be more suitable to a motorist; but I feel convinced that the majority could not be built to last for the money. Crane's seemed to me a sound proposition, and withal, pretty. Set in an acre or two of woodland, purchasable at a very low price on account of its inaccessibility to all save the motorist, the owner of a car in possession of a little cottage of this kind can rest his heated tyres, can wipe the dust from his goggles, and truly appreciate the delight of our English country. All motorists who rush and never rest consider the advisability of such a cottage. Save your license from endorsement by possessing a road-hog's retreat.

Alfred C. Hunter.



**Rochet-Schneider car, 35-40 h.-p. supplied by Messrs. Donne and Willans, 23a, Gillingham Street, South Belgravia**

Messrs. Donne and Willans are the sole agents for this luxurious touring car

### Sea Trips for the August Holidays

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that they have arranged attractive sea-trips to Boulogne by their magnificent and fast Mail steamer, *Empress*, on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, during August. The first trip will take place on Thursday, August 3, and the following is the time-table for each journey:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Outwards.*—Margate Jetty .. .. .. | dep. | 10.30 | a.m. |
| Boulogne .. .. .. .. | arr. | 2.0 | p.m. |
| *Homewards.*—Boulogne (Quai Gambetta) .. | dep. | 4.0 | p.m. |
| Margate Jetty .. .. .. | arr. | 7.30 | p.m. |

The return fare will be 7*s.* 6*d.* from Margate.

The *Empress* has also been requisitioned for a series of daily sea-trips to Dunkirk from Folkestone, and the following itinerary has been arranged:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Outwards.*—Folkestone Harbour .. .. .. | dep. | 10.0 | a.m. |
| Dunkirk .. .. .. .. | arr. | 1.0 | p.m. |
| *Homewards.*—Dunkirk .. .. .. .. | dep. | 4.0 | p.m. |
| Folkestone Harbour .. .. .. | arr. | 7.0 | p.m. |

The return fare will be 7*s.* 6*d.* from Folkestone, and those passengers who do not care to return by direct boat can, on payment of a supplementary fare, return by rail, leaving Dunkirk at 2.34 p.m., *via* Boulogne, reaching Folkestone at 8.50 p.m. It is anticipated that a large number of visitors will take advantage of these trips, especially in view of the fact that Dunkirk is a town not much visited. Nevertheless, it is one of the most interesting old towns, with a beautiful stretch of sea frontage and magnificent sands.

# Lawn-Tennis Notes

By H. S. SCRIVENER

**"R. F." S'Amuse**

After the serious business of the Championships and the International Match, R. F. Doherty indulged in a little mild relaxation at East Grinstead last week, and his presence was, of course, *the* attraction of the tournament. The relaxation, however, was in reality the reverse of mild, for, although he gave an admirable lesson in the art of how to concede long odds without apparent effort, he was often kept in court by the mere size of his task for nearly two hours. I made him owe 50 and concede starts up to 30.1 in the Singles handicap, and I believe he would have won outright had he not decided to scratch in the final to W. G. Milburn, who was receiving 5.6. Besides this, he and Miss Eastlake Smith survived to the semi-final of the Mixed handicap from the owe 30.3 mark, and were there only just beaten by R. J. McNair and Mrs. Walter Lloyd (3.6) in a match in which the redoubtable "Rory" played the game of his life, and was well backed up by his fair partner. In the level events "R.F." was, of course, invincible, but he gave McNair a walk-over for the Cup, and consequently only figured in one other final — the Mixed Doubles—which he won with Miss Eastlake Smith. The courts at East Grinstead are beautifully true, and very little worn, and this is one of the reasons why givers of odds do so well on them. In fact, the tournament is worthy of a much better entry than it actually receives. THE BYSTANDER'S Mass racket was won by Mr. Frank Swainson, who is one of those rare individuals who actually like umpiring.

**E. V. Jones**
A well-known player in the Midlands, who would probably soon be first class if he played more frequently

**The Inter-County Cup**

At Edgbaston, last week, Gloucestershire won the Inter-County Cup Competition for the eighth time in eleven years. We have been so surfeited with big events lately, that a mere English county event seems quite small in comparison with battles between players from opposite ends of the earth; but, all the same, we may congratulate Gloucestershire on having again triumphed. But a county which includes S. H. Smith and F. L. Riseley, to say nothing of Boucher, A. H. Riseley, and the veterans Blake and Stoddart, and can rely on the services of such good men when occasion demands, must of necessity take a deal of beating, although I do not agree with the *Daily Telegraph's* opinion that she has *three* of the first six men in England. For Staffordshire — the losing team in the final — E. V. Jones and A. H. Whitehouse did as much as could have been expected of them, and would have done even better if A. H. Riseley had not happened to be quite in his old form. Surrey have won the competition twice and Middlesex once, but this year neither of them survived to the final stage. The Ladies' Competition ended in a victory for Cheshire, who defeated Lancashire in what was virtually the final for Kent and Devonshire, who were the two other counties to qualify for concluding stage, both scratched.

**Edgbaston**

In the Championships, S. H. Smith may be said to have borne the brunt of the American and Colonial attack, for, besides beating both Ward and Larned, he only just failed, after more than a week's hard play—where H. L. Doherty, coming comparatively fresh to the fray, succeeded — in defeating Norman Brookes. Last week at Edgbaston, however, he had his revenge against the Australian, and beat him in the final for the Midland Counties Championship, after a struggle which was as tough as the Championship final itself, for although Smith won by three sets to one, the score was 15—13, 6—4, 4—6, 6—4—the equivalent of a good, hard five-set match. The record of matches between Smith and Brookes is now, therefore, one-all, and the men are so splendidly matched, and their encounters so interesting, by reason of the utter diversity of their respective styles, that we can hope for no better thing than that they may meet again somewhere and play the deciding match of the rubber. The entry at Edgbaston was an exceptionally fine one, and must have rejoiced the hearts of the executive of this old-established and deservedly popular meeting. Besides Brookes and Smith there were Eaves and Ritchie, both beaten in turn by Smith, Hillyard, who made a very good show against Brookes, and only lost by the odd set, and other stars too numerous to mention; while the number of crack lady-players was even greater. The semi-finalists in the Ladies' Singles were Miss W. Longhurst, Miss Douglass, Miss Pinckney, and Miss Wilson, who had previously only just overcome Miss Greene after two advantage sets. Miss Wilson then defeated Miss Pinckney, and Miss Douglass did the same to Miss Longhurst, and won in such easy fashion that she seemed to have returned to last year's form. However, in the final, she found Miss Wilson one too many for her, and, after a close match, was just beaten by 7—5, 6—4.

# Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Anything more absolutely complete and thorough than the exodus from Town this year I cannot recall. Some few of us are still lingering—only perforce, of course—and sharing the calm that is settling over the Metropolis, with the scattering of Americans, who always, to my mind, represent the crumbs that remain from the basketful of millionaires who are essentially of the season proper.

And how unmistakable they are, these members of the rank and file of the great Transatlantic Continent, with their Baedekers, and general Dana Gibsonish appearance. The invariable sturdy coat and skirt costume, the coat frequently carried over the arm, when a neat shirt completes the toilette, the floating veil and stout *porte monnaie* slung at the side, betokening the truly business character of the visitation. They have come to amass the greatest possible amount of information in the least possible time, and on a given sum. The latter exhausted, they retire as they arrived, in a whirl, and one irresistibly pictures many arriving in New York with the proverbial button.

Those who are fairly affluent, shop assiduously, and I overheard a charming tribute to the house of Peter Robinson the other day, offered by two typical American tourists, to the effect that they had laid up for themselves treasures in the shape of blouses, petticoats, and general knick-knacks of dress, calculated to last them two years, all gathered under the one versatile roof. My sympathy went out to the proud, smiling, blushing head to whom the gracious information was vouchsafed. And I reflected that sometimes it is really well worth while to have been born.

### Something About Sleeves

By a stroke of great good fortune, I have chanced upon some advance news respecting sleeves. With the exception of the *gigot*, which will be almost ubiquitous for fur and winter cloth coats, there is to be no relinquishment of the curtailed *manche*. In many cases, however, there will be detachable lower sleeves, or, to be more accurate, an attempt is being made to bring in such accessories, but it is early yet to predict what success will follow the innovation. And a feature of the movement is found in the perfectly frank treatment accorded the addition, for there is to be no false modesty respecting the alliance. Thus, at least, says rumour.

On the other hand, there is positively no scintillation of doubt left respecting the continued favour accorded the elbow length for all dressy and demi-toilette occasions. Nor is it possible to ignore the possibility of this length growing even briefer than before, since now we have learnt the comfort and ease and coolness of bared forearms, there are no limits to our courage in this regard. But mark you the prognostication! There will be little or no exaggeration of fulness at the shoulder, once we have safely passed the muslin stage. There is a note of distinction about the moderately proportioned sleeve the well-dressed woman cannot afford to be deprived of for more than a short space.

### For Summer Motoring

It was refreshing to hear a motoring expert—feminine gender—speak, as did one at Brighton the other day, as to the importance of women cultivating a pleasing appearance when driving or being driven. Now this, I really am emboldened to remind you, has been my contention throughout. Naturally, the intermittent motorist is handicapped somewhat, and, very rightly, makes shift with some waterproof of sorts, and a casual gauze veil. Whereas, it behoves the habitué to be prepared for all contingencies and weather. For sunshine and heat, the white duck coat, close fitting at the back, through the medium of three seams, and loose front, is simply ideal. There is a certain extravagance attached to it, I need scarcely explain; washing garments are never really an economy, but, with ordinary care, and perhaps an iron out, one should last the persistent motorist a fortnight.

These white coats are so infinitely smarter than the holland and crash affairs, which the shops have been clearing with such significant haste during the sales, chiefly by reason of their loose backs. Many, too, intent on saving, at the cost of all elegance, are making the best of the poor bargain attending that cheap mixture blanketing cloth. This sounds so well in the telling, and is so wretchedly disappointing in reality, being extremely weighty, and, I should say, offering but doubtful resistance to downpours of rain. There are, on the other hand, friezes and tweeds galore, ready and prepared to weather anything, and *La Mode*, for some occult reason known only to herself, has decreed that white shall lead the van of motoring fashions, arranged either in costume or coat form, simply adorned with large pearl buttons.

And now, just this very moment, let me remind you, is the time to buy anything pertaining to peltry motoring attire. I am not alone, I believe, in being through with pony-skin, since, apart from the irony of wearing the outer covering of the decadent horse on its rival, a motor-car (an aspect that has never failed to impress me), pony-skin is artistically unattractive. It is hard in appearance, and unbecoming and generally unpleasing. Also, so far as I have been able to see and judge, we are able to secure precisely the same value, together with infinitely better effect, with sable-coloured musquash.

Several exceedingly smart, long three-quarter motor coats have been shown me; of the latter, pelt, those

**A charming suggestion for a Serge Froc.**

*(From an original drawing by K. Pleydel Young)*

lined with Tattersall cloth, costing approximately only eight or ten guineas. Lined squirrel lock, the price is naturally greater, though then are you possessed of a wrap that, decked out with a little old lace about the shoulders, and perhaps some deep sleeve ruffles, serves equally the needs of a theatre wrap; one, moreover, that many, not in the secret, might well be pardoned for mistaking for a costly sable luxury.

### The Insistent Serge

A perfectly charming suggestion for serge, either navy, black, or brown, is that original sketch of Miss Pleydel Young's. The embroideries are of coarse crash, worked with black, dull shades of red, and touches of blue, while the sleeves and vest are of white mull, the former stitched with a light tracing of the parti-colours, and the latter finishing with a stock tie of black silk.

AT
SAINT
CLOUD
SUNDAY, JULY 23

SOME OF
THE
VERY LATEST
FRENCH
FROCKS

# A Woman's Note Book

London is beginning to look depressing, with a craze for departure. Cabs, piled high with luggage, are threading their way constantly through the traffic. "Going away" is the one topic of conversation, while those few who have not thought, or are not going to think, of a holiday, creep meekly into their houses and hide there, with a painful sense of failure.

### "Where Shall We Go?"

The annual question asked by those who wish to spend holidays in their own country is: "Where is the ideal place to go in August?"—unless indeed, as even town dwellers sometimes fancy, it is better to stop where one already is and go away later. But it is really almost impossible to remain in London in August, especially after a hot July. No heat is like August heat; no dust like August dust; at no other time of the year is there such an airless, gasping atmosphere; such crashing thunderstorms, which do not make it much cooler after all. The ideal place is the sea (as, unfortunately, nearly everyone has discovered), if only because there is always more breeze than in the country; but alas! there are also more people, *many* more people.

### The Countryside

The alternative is the country. Here, too, there are people, but *fewer* people, and there is also more room. Its joys are well worth its pains. I would rather have hay fever (a little of it) and hay; flowers, though I had to weed the garden; and singing birds, even if they woke me up at four in the morning. The hay is over; the fields are shorn and bare, the wild flowers have practically disappeared; the birds are dumb; the gardens are resting, having lost their summer garb before putting out their autumn bloom; the trees and hedges have lost their freshness and not yet acquired the red and gold autumn tints. Then there are a few positive evils, as, for instance, wasps, ants, and all kinds of other creeping and stinging things which have made their appearance. But there is one joy in the country, and that is the corn.

### Harvest-tide

I think harvest time makes up for a great deal; in August, too, one gets the whole of it; for I doubt whether it is really best at the end of the month, when the yellow sheaves lie bound upon the ground. Certainly painters seem to prefer this view of it for, for one picture of growing wheat, we have a dozen after it is cut. But there is nothing more attractive in the country than great stretches of wheat, grown to its full height, beginning to change colour under the hot sun, or already ripe and ready to cut. Some people can never do without the sea, and will suffer no end of discomforts and small miseries for it. They regard it as the one health restorer, or bracing element, in the world. Everyone needs a *change;* if they live in the country they should try to go to the sea, but for town dwellers country air suffices; yet people are never much better for a change unless they think they are going to be, it is largely a question of the will cure. Let those who talk of strong sea breezes remember there are milder country breezes as well. If they will watch a wheat field, they will observe that it is the rarest thing to find the corn is still; the gold heads ripple just like the sparkling waters.

LADY PHYLLIS.

# The Menu

## SOME VEGETARIAN DISHES SUGGESTED FOR THE HOT WEATHER

Barley and Tomato Soup
Macaroni à la Congress
Vegetable Fritters
Stuffed Eggs with Mushrooms
Fruit Salad

### BARLEY AND TOMATO SOUP

1½ lb. fresh tomatoes, one large Spanish onion, three large tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, 2 oz. butter, three pints of water, pepper and salt. Cook the tomatoes and onions in half the water for half an hour, and rub through a wire sieve, add the barley and the butter, pepper and salt, and cook for two and a half hours.

### MACARONI À LA CONGRESS

Six ounces macaroni, two eggs, 1 oz. butter, half a pint of milk, ¾ oz. of flour, tomato, pepper and salt, half-teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Break the macaroni into small pieces, put it into one pint of boiling water, with a little salt, and boil fifteen minutes. Drain it, and keep the macaroni hot. Boil two eggs hard, shell them, divide the yolks from the whites, and chop each separately. Cut the tomato in thin slices, and fry it for ten minutes. Put the butter into a saucepan, add the flour, and cook well together, then add the milk and parsley, and stir into a nice thick sauce. Put the macaroni on a dish, then the tomato and white of egg, pour over the sauce and sprinkle the chopped yolk of egg on the top. Serve hot.

### VEGETABLE FRITTERS

Two ounces each of cooked vegetables—potatoes, haricot beans, carrots, peas, etc.—2 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. butter, two eggs, pepper and salt, one onion (chopped fine), half teaspoonful of parsley, or, if preferred, sweet herbs. Mash the cold vegetables together, with the flavouring, the butter (melted), one egg, pepper, salt, and half the breadcrumbs. Form into shapes on a floured board, then dip in beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a nice brown; serve hot, with fried parsley in the centre. This takes about twenty minutes, and is a good way of using any cold vegetables.

### STUFFED EGGS WITH MUSHROOMS

Twelve large eggs, ½ lb. mushrooms, 4 oz. butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, pepper and salt, one dessertspoonful fried onion, parsley, and dried breadcrumbs. Hard boil the eggs, cut in half, taking out the yolks, mince up the mushrooms, cook two hours; add the flour, pepper, salt, and fried onion, and the yolks of the eggs finely chopped; fill the eggs with the mixture, and dip in egg and breadcrumbs; bake ten minutes.

### FRUIT SALAD

Take ¼ lb. of strawberries, ¼ lb. of raspberries, ¼ lb. of red and white currants, one peach, two bananas, and one small bunch each of black and white grapes. Make a syrup flavoured with wine or liqueur (according to taste) and pour over the fruit.

EMILIA.

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# International Polo at Ostend

THE three weeks' polo tournaments at Ostend, which have just concluded, were in every way most successful. The polo was of quite an International character, the players being drawn from England, France, Germany, Hungary, Spain, and Belgium. Ostend is an ideal centre for a meeting of this description, for there is a good service of express trains to all parts of the Continent, while the fine steamers of the Belgian State Railways have shortened the journey from London to only five hours. The principal tournament of the season, the Ostend Open Cup, resulted in the victory of Lord Harrington's Elvaston team, which included, besides Lord Harrington himself, Mr. F. J. Mackey, Captain Godfrey Heseltine, and Major Neil Haig. Three teams only competed for the Continental Championship — viz., Paris, Buda-Pesth, and Hamburg. Paris, who won the Championship fairly easily for the second year in succession, were represented by Lieutenant de Guiroye, M. Maurice Raoul-Duval, and two Spaniards, the Duke de Santona and the Marquis de Villavieja. There was also a special match between the Madrid and Buda-Pesth teams, for a Cup offered by His Imperial and Royal Highness the Archduke Frederick of Austria. The strong Spanish team—the Duke de Santona, the Duke de Penaranda, the Marquis de Narros, and the Marquis de Villavieja—beat Buda-Pesth—Count M. Karolyi, Count L. Karolyi, Count G. Andrassy, and M. de Rohonczy—by seven goals to one. The Archduchess Frederick presented the Cup, and the King of Spain telegraphed his congratulations. Next in importance to the Open Cup was the tournament for the Prix d'Ouverture, which was contested by a team of American Freebooters, a Buenos Ayres team, Buda-Pesth, Roehampton, and Rugby. The final between Captain Miller's Roehampton team, which included, besides Captain Miller himself, Mr. R. W. Hudson, Mr. J. B. Dale, and Major A. M. Pirie, the 21st Lancers' back, and Rugby, consisting of the Duke de Santona, Mr. Morres-Nickalls, Mr. A. de Las Casas, and the Marquis de Villavieja, was a great fight, extra time being played before Roehampton won by six goals to five. The Duke of Santona, a fine No. 1, and the Marquis de Villavieja, a good back, are the two best players in Spain; the last-named being a prominent member of the Paris Polo Club, who is also well known on English grounds.

L. V. L. S.

M. B. de Guiroye, Marquis de Villaviejá, M. M. Raoul-Duval, Duke de Santona

**The Paris Polo Team that won the Continental Championship recently at Ostend**

**Polo on the Continent: Lord and Lady Harrington and Countess Louis Karolyi**

The game has now quite caught on abroad, and the tournaments that have just concluded at Ostend attracted a large and fashionable cosmopolitan crowd. Lord Harrington, the doyen of English players, took over an Elvaston team which gained a highly popular victory in the principal tournament

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# BRIDGE

## THE QUESTION OF OUR NEW COMPETITION

The letters from competitors for the Guinea Prize we offered for the best suggestion of a novel and simple Bridge Competition are coming in. Most of the competitions suggested, however, make too heavy demands on our space, and are somewhat lacking in simplicity. Moreover, the suggestions for new competitions are outnumbered by letters and post-cards asking for a competition on the same lines as the last. We are, therefore, considering the question of beginning shortly another competition on those lines.

### A Missing Rule

There is a matter which seems to me to need settling one way or the other by a definite rule, that is the matter of correcting your opponents' honour score. Suppose, for example, your opponents have held four aces in their two hands in a no-trump declaration and only claim 30, what are you to do? Are you to let them score 30, or are you to tell them that they really scored 40? At whist, of course, they paid the penalty of such an error; indeed, they might not correct it after the trump card of the next hand had turned up. But what is the rule or custom at Bridge? I know players who follow the whist custom, and let their adversaries pay the penalty of their carelessness. Again, I know others who correct the mistakes, and tell their opponents how many honours they really held. And I know one player who makes a chivalrous distinction: if he is playing against two men, or a man and a woman, he lets them suffer if they are so careless as to claim a smaller honour score than they are entitled to, arguing that men can look after themselves. If he is playing against two women, he corrects any such mistake they chance to make. For my own part, I think a definite rule on the point would be a very good thing. The rule relating to the erroneous scoring of honours, as it runs at present, leaves it quite open; it merely says, "If an erroneous score affecting honours, chicane, or slam be proved, such mistake may be corrected at any time before the score of the *rubber* be made up and agreed." Doubtless the rule at whist rose out of practice: the bulk of the players did not correct their opponents' carelessness, then no player did. Perhaps, Bridge being a more humane game, and played in a more humane age, the opposite practice will prevail.

### Enforcing Penalties

There is still a good deal of misunderstanding, though the new rules have been in force more than six months, as to who should enforce penalties. In view of Rule 103, which runs, "Should the partner of the player solely entitled to exact a penalty, suggest or demand the enforcement of it, no penalty can be enforced," this is a serious matter; therefore, I have worked out the following synopsis of the exactors of penalties:—

A. The eldest hand exacts the penalty:—

(1) If the dealer's partner make the declaration before it is passed to him. (Rule 49.)

(2) If Dummy passes the declaration to the dealer. (Rule 50.)

(3) If the dealer, or his partner, after the deal and before the declaration, expose a card. (Rule 70.)

(4) If the dealer discovers his mistake in time to save a revoke. (Rule 95.)

B. Either the dealer or his partner may enforce the penalty if either adversary exposes a card during the deal. (Rule 40.)

C. The dealer enforces the penalty:—

(1) If either adversary make the trump declaration. (Rule 51.)

(2) If any rule be broken during the play of the hand.

D. Either adversary may enforce the penalty:—

(1) If the dealer or his partner expose a card during the deal. (Rule 40.)

(2) If the dealer's partner, by touching or otherwise, suggest the play of a card from Dummy. (Rule 64.)

E. The declarer of the trump enforces the penalty if the right-hand adversary doubles before his partner has said, "May I lead?" (Rule 57.)

F. The adversary who last doubled enforces the penalty if any player re-doubles out of turn. (Rule 58.)

PROBLEMATICUS.

### ARMY LIMERICKS.—No. II.

There once was a bold Volunteer,
Who remarked, as he finished his beer:
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Of bottles and pots,
But lemonade makes me feel queer."

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**THE CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS**, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Friday, August 4th, or Saturday, August 5th, available for return on Sunday, August 6th, Monday, August 7th, Tuesday, August 8th, or Wednesday, August 9th, with the exception that tickets to Caister-on-Sea, West Runton, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Woodhall Spa, Yarmouth, Gorles on-on-Sea, and Lowestoft, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Wednesday, August 9th, inclusive (if train service admits).

For Full Particulars, apply to the Chief Passenger Agent, Great Northern Railway, King's Cross, London, or to any G.N. Station or Office.

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# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### Princes' Restaurant

Princes' Restaurant has been well patronised for dinner, in spite of the racing at Newmarket. The captain of the English Eleven, the Hon. F. S. Jackson, was dining one night with a party of friends. Amongst the other visitors have been Sir Francis Burdett, Colonel St. Quintin, Mr. Ringrose, Major Tilney, Mrs. Tilney, Lord and Lady Newborough, Mr. Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, and the Hon. Mrs. Faber.

### The London Unemployed

The Church Army have written imploring the authorities in Manchester to try and deter the Manchester unemployed from marching on London, as the number of deserving industrious out of work in London at the present moment is absolutely abnormal, of whom many are a great strain upon the resources of the Society.

### August Bank Holiday on the Continent

Cheap tickets, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels, August 2 to 5 inclusive and August 7. Cheap tickets, available for seven days, will be issued to Liége, for its Exhibition, *viâ* Harwich and Antwerp. Dining and breakfast cars are run between London and Parkeston Quay, Harwich, on the Antwerp service. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning and Liége at noon, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer.

For visiting the Hague, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bale for Switzerland, special facilities are offered *viâ* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. A corridor train, with vestibuled carriages, dining and breakfast cars, is run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich.

From the Hook of Holland through carriages and restaurant cars are run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bale, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bale and Berlin in the evening.

For the convenience of passengers, tickets dated in advance can be obtained at the Liverpool Street Station Continental Enquiry Office.

The Royal Danish Mail steamers of Det forenede Dampskibs - Selskab of Copenhagen will leave Harwich for Esbjerg (on the West Coast of Denmark) on August 3 and 5, returning August 8 and 9.

The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on August 2 and 5 for Hamburg, returning August 6 and 9.

### Excursion Facilities to the North

One of the most important topics of the day is, "Where to spend the holidays," and this question can be the easier settled after a perusal of the A.B.C. programmes setting forth the excursion facilities from London to the Midlands and the North, issued by the Great Central Railway Company. Their programme for the August Bank Holiday contains very concise and complete information. On Saturday, August 5, they are running several special trains at convenient hours during the day; also at 12.5 midnight on Friday and Saturday, August 4 and 5.

This Company's programme for July, August, and September, announces a new and important feature in the fact that excursion facilities are given to over two hundred towns in the Midlands and the North every Saturday for this season, instead of fortnightly, as in previous years. We commend these two programmes to those who contemplate journeying northwards for their holidays. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

### Record Cheap Excursion

Another striking illustration of the enterprise of a railway company for the public good is shown in the fact that special non-stop excursions are run every Sunday during July, August, and September, to Cleethorpes-on-Sea for the remarkably low fare of 4*s.* 3*d.* return. This figure works out at nine miles a penny, and established a record of a cheap fare, especially for a long distance. Passengers leave Marylebone at 11.10 a.m., and return from Cleethorpes at 10.0 p.m. Such bold enterprise deserves, if not commands, success.

### Holiday Facilities at Popular Prices

The Great Northern Company's claim that they make "a speciality of holiday traffic" is fully borne out by the special excursion facilities they are offering for August Bank Holiday.

On Friday, August 4, there are cheap express excursions from London to North Eastern stations and Scotland for seven or seventeen days, and on Friday and Saturday, August 4 or 5, there are similar trips to the Midlands, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North East England, for three, six, or eight days.

On Sunday and Monday special non-stop half-day excursions are run to Skegness, at the exceptionally low fare of 3*s.*, which is a marvel of cheapness, working out to about eight miles for a penny. The trains leave King's Cross about 11.30 a.m., and allow five or six hours at this bracing East Coast resort. Excursions will also be run to Skegness on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, August 5, 7, and 8, for one, three, or four days.

On Bank Holiday, August 7, there are excursions to Grantham and Nottingham for a half, one, two, or three days, as well as day and half-day trips to Main Line stations as far as Peterboro', and stations on the Dunstable, St. Albans, Hertford, and Cambridge branches.

The cheap week-end tickets, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Friday, August 4, Saturday, August 5, available for return on Sunday, August 6, Monday, August 7, Tuesday, August 8, or Wednesday, August 9, with the exception that tickets to Caister-on-Sea, West Runton, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Woodhall Spa, Yarmouth, Gorleston-on-Sea, and Lowestoft, are available for return on day of issue, or on any day up to Wednesday, August 9 (if train service admits).

Full particulars of these special facilities are contained in an attractive programme, which can be obtained from any Great Northern Office, or direct from the Chief Passenger Agent at King's Cross.

### The Waning Season

That the season is dying very hard, and is unusually prolonged, is seen in the fact that the Savoy Restaurant, even at the height of the gaieties of the last six weeks, has rarely been so full of distinguished guests as it was on Monday night, July 24. The Countess Torby, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Countess of Minto, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Lord and Lady Alington, Lady Eileen Eliott, the Earl of Cork, Lord Arthur Hay, Lord Newry, the Hon. Sidney Greville, Sir Lewis MacIver, and many others, were dining, and completed a scene which was a brilliant one; while, owing to the current of air which the river breezes afford from the Embankment to the new entrance from the Strand, the Restaurant is certainly very cool and refreshing.

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